

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THERE is, of course, pessimistic talk about the effect of the Transvaal War on the reading of new books. We believe that the fears expressed in some quarters are artificial. Hardly had the Boer ultimatum been delivered than there were rumours that important books were to be held over indefinitely. Such withdrawals must have their effect. The public naturally acquiesces in the notion that they do not want to read books in war-time. To proclaim a panic is to cause it. But, meanwhile, we hear of books being sent out to the Transvaal in large quantities for British officers to read in camp. The moral is obvious. True readers are constant to their books. We do not go so far as to suggest that they are like the bibliophile, who, when he met a man who had just returned from the battlefield of Sedan in 1870, said: "That's very interesting; the first edition of *Nonnius Marcellus* was published at Sedan"; but we do hold that reading should not be at the mercy of public events.

WRITING in the new *North American Review* on the present literary situation in France, Mr. Henry James refers thus to M. Zola, whose *Fécondité* is already in its forty-seventh thousand: "The great historians are dead—the last of them went with Rénan; the great critics are dead—the last of them went with Taine; the great dramatists are dead—the last of them went with Dumas; and of the novelists of the striking group originally fathered by the Second Empire, Emile Zola is the only one still happily erect. . . . To arrive—as he has arrived—at the goal he began with fixing, M. Zola had to make art his special economy—see it steadily and see it whole. He has seen, moreover, many things besides; not the individual soul, the individual life, perhaps, with any great intimacy—never, indeed, with an inspired penetration; but always, vividly, its happy mean, or general average, of sense; its associated, confounded, scarce discriminate state." *Fécondité* is about to be published in England under the title *Fruitfulness*.

THE project, hinted at in Sir Michael Foster's presidential address at the British Association meeting in September, of an International Science Congress at the Paris Exhibition has been taken up by a committee which numbers some of the most able men of science in this country. Already it has got so far that general and special expository lectures, with expert guidance through the various departments of the Exhibition, are being arranged—these both in French and English—together with excursions, &c., broadly corresponding to the well-known features of a British Association programme. The acting secretaries are Profs. Mavor and Geddes, 5, Old Queen-street, S.W., and 95, Boulevard St. Michel, Paris.

THE fifteenth edition of *Men of the Time* will be published this year. We are reminded that whereas the original *Men of the Time*, in 1852, was a little book of four hundred pages, it will run, in its new form, to thirteen hundred pages, and contain three thousand three hundred

and ninety-three biographies. This does not necessarily mean that there are more celebrated people to-day than there were in 1852. It might equally well mean that the standard of efficiency has lowered, or that more people are inquisitive about their fellows.

MR. DUNNE's forthcoming work, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*, will be found to have a piquant dedication. Mr. Dunne is an Irishman, and Irishmen have a way of hitting back. If certain gentlemen, including a baronet of the realm, who pirated the first Dooley book find themselves mentioned there, they need not be surprised. Mr. Dooley's articles on the Dreyfus Court Martial will be found in the book. "I don't believe," said Mr. Dooley in Monday's *Westminster Gazette*, "that Cap Dhryfuss wrote the bordereau. I believe he was the only man in France who didn't"—a statement in which the philosopher's extravagant humour is crystallised.

A NEFARIOUS project for taking advantage of the absence of international copyright has just been exposed by the chairman of the Society of Authors. It seems that there exists in New York a concern, known as the Associated International Press, for trafficking in the early writings of Mr. Kipling. The Associated International Press, presuming on Mr. Kipling's popularity and want of protection, has collected together eighty-one of his effusions, some of them dating back to his boyhood, others belonging to his journalistic career in India, and all being such as he would not reprint himself, and, without a word to the author on the matter, is offering them for serial publication in American papers.

"ROMANCE brought up the 8.15"; and there is more than a touch of romance about the *Daily Mail's* announcement of its War Train, which at a speed of eighty miles an hour carries the *Daily Mail* from London to the North every morning *via* Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Manchester. The line chosen is the Great Central. This passage in Messrs. Harmsworth's circular we particularly like: "The train will be known as the *Daily Mail* War Express, and will consist of the fastest railway engine in the United Kingdom, and four newspaper vans. The most famous living engine-driver will be in charge." The "most famous living driver," the "War Express," and a speed of eighty miles an hour—there's romance for you. The enterprise is noble, although it is not as if Manchester and the other towns have not papers of their own, fed plentifully by Reuter and the other agencies. In the old war days, when news went by coach, it was news indeed.

MEANWHILE, we may remark that for a long time the *Manchester Courier*—itself an excellent paper, also having its own correspondent in the Transvaal—has been reaching us by express train. It may easily be conceived that a moment will arrive when London's zeal to inform Manchester and Manchester's to inform London will synchronise. Two War Expresses will approach each other at a combined rate of 160 miles an hour and, under pressure of journalistic and patriotic fervour, on the same set of rails. On the following morning, what peace!

MR. WILLIAM WATSON's letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, on war poetry in general, and Mr. Swinburne's sonnet in particular, contains sound criticism. "Let us remember," he says, "that the existence of a great theme, not less certainly than of a great poet, is one of the indispensable antecedent conditions of great poetry. The assassination of a State, and the strangling of a people, are not heroic themes, and never while this world endures shall they evoke one note of noble song. Moreover, in all combats between a giant and a stripling the Muse must of necessity be at a certain moral disadvantage in the somewhat ludicrous task of enheartening the giant. It is the valour of David with his sling, and not the arrogant bulk of Goliath, that kindles the imagination of poets, and captures for ever the sympathies of man."

THE Tivoli, and not the *Times*, it has been remarked, is the place for patriotic verse. On occasion, however, a poet may supply both publics. Mr. Swinburne's sonnet is now being recited night by night at one of the halls of variety.

WITHIN the last few days a memorial monument to Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) has been placed in Llantysilio Church, in the Vale of Llangollen, where Lady Martin died on October 31 of last year. The monument consists



ALTO-RELIEVO PORTRAIT FROM THE MEMORIAL TO HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).

of an alto-relievo, designed by the late J. H. Foley, and reproduced in white marble by Mr. J. Hughes, of Dublin. On the pedestal on which the alto-relievo rests is the following inscription:

In memory of  
Helena Faucit (Lady Martin),  
who died at Llantysilio  
31st October, 1898.

"Her gracious genius belonged to the world. The charm of her goodness was for her home and for those who loved her."

This passage is by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and is taken from one of her introductions to the biographical edition of Thackeray.

In the *Autobiography of Dean Merivale*, with selections from his correspondence, which his daughter has just edited for public circulation, the letter in which the historian of Rome alleged that Louis Napoleon's *coup*

*d'état* was borrowed from the *History of the Romans* is again given. This is the letter:

CHARLES MERIVALE TO HIS SISTER LOUISA.

Lawford: December 6, 1851.

I have come, no matter how, into possession of a piece of secret history, which will be curious hereafter. It seems that when Louis Napoleon saw the first advertisement of my vol. iii., he caused one of Spottiswoode's printers to be bribed, and got the sheets read off to him by submarine telegraph as fast as they were printed here. As soon as he came to the passage in Chapter 4, where Octavius claims the consulship by means of his army, he formed his plans with secrecy and decision. He saw that Cavaignac was just such another pedant as Brutus, and Changarnier a blusterer like Cassius. Thiers he remarked was just such a liar and spouter as Cicero. And so, with the help of his Agrippa, Arnaud, he arranged his *coup d'état* and issued his lists of proscription. I hope the *Times* comes to you regularly now; but if not you have only to read my book, where the events of the next ten years are compendiously related. I expect the young Octavius to buy a thousand copies for his regimental libraries, and I hope he will send me the Cross of the Legion of Honour for saying that in the circumstances of his position I should have done what he has done myself.

Some people have assumed that the Dean was in earnest, but he was of course only joking, as his daughter now shows. The joke was too good a one to lead to serious misapprehension; but no joke is safe.

BROTHER JOE.

[Mr. Kipling has recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic Lodge. His style there is Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling.—*Daily Papers*.]

I CHANCED to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;  
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;  
"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was  
cold as snow:  
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother  
Joe."

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems,  
tales, and such,  
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be  
known too much.  
O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any  
writing dodge,  
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a  
blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,  
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you  
need?"  
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's  
done."  
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there  
isn't one!"

O it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are  
out  
And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes  
about.  
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons  
throng,  
But it's Rudyard Kipling only, when he writes a  
blooming song.

(This poem is not copyright.)

A good little inexpensive monograph on William Morris, which ought to be on sale in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, has just been published from the office of the Peterhead *Sentinel* and the Twentieth Century Press, in London. It is entitled *William Morris, Master of Many Crafts*, and



is from the pen of Mr. James Leatham. We quote a passage touching Morris's appearance:

He has been compared to one of his own Berserkers; but I am not sure that any of us has a very clear idea of what a Berserker was like. The massive, shaggy head, the face strong and well-coloured, and the sailor-like roll of the body suggested a skipper ashore while his cargo was being discharged; but then no skipper ever wore an Inverness cloak, or broad-brimmed felt hat, or carried a thick stick, or slung a brown canvas bag over his head containing among much else an armoury of pipes, which he would lend to any member of the company who had left his pipe at home. He had somewhat the look of those patriarchal shepherds who come down from the Highlands, driving their flocks before them to the cities of the plain, and uttering marvels of articulation to their dogs. But shepherds do not wear blue serge, nor have they the air and gait of this man. In short, it was as difficult to match Morris outwardly as it was to find the exact peer of him intellectually and morally.

A SLIM sixpenny edition of Rossetti's ballad, "The White Ship," has just been issued by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey primarily for use in schools. The idea is good. Our only criticism is, that the price might as well have been a penny.

AUTHORS can be too modest. Two books by Mr. F. T. Bullen have appeared this week—*The Log of a Sea Waif* and *The Way they Have in the Navy*—and both are disfigured by prefaces which carry the art of self-depreciation to a point which causes the reader positive discomfort. "And now, as I know that there are a great many people who do not read prefaces," says Mr. Bullen, "I will close mine by humbly commending this 'autobiography of a nobody' to that tremendous tribunal, with whom lies the verdict of success or failure, and from whose fiat there is no appeal—the Public." If Mr. Bullen could not write we should not mind such preambles, but the stuff that follows is so good that to find the author on his stomach at the outset is particularly annoying. "Who, then, are you," Mr. Bullen elsewhere conceives his readers asking, "that presumes to compete with these master magicians?" The master magicians are "writers like Kipling, Cutcliffe Hyne, Joseph Conrad, and Clark Russell."

THE lapse of certain Tennyson copyrights has projected a number of new editions on the market. Among these are two volumes in the "Canterbury Poets" series. The text, of course, cannot be printed with the author's final corrections. "In Memoriam," for example, cannot be given absolutely complete; but these defects will probably hinder few purchasers.

TENNYSON is to inaugurate the new series of English classics which Messrs. Methuen & Co. are preparing under the title "The Little Library." *The Princess*, edited by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, is to be the first volume. *In Memoriam*, edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, will follow, and *Vanity Fair*, edited by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Each volume will have a photogravure frontispiece.

THOSE who missed "Man and His Makers," the play at the Lyceum (and by no means a bad play) which has just given place to "The Sign of the Cross," missed hearing Mr. Wilson Barrett declaim a specimen of "Occ. verse." The piece of Occ. verse in question, which was referred to in the play as having appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, helped the heroine to discover the hero after he had "gone under." She read it and thrilled. It begins:

Through the night and the murk the tramp of sorrowful feet,

Heavy and dull on the stones of the pitiless street;

And some are old and some are broken and all are weak.

"Whither, O millions? Who are you? Say—what do you seek?"

"We are the children of shame, our name is a name of scorn,

Righted before we had being, and damned before born;

Nothing we seek, nowhither we wend, no goal in sight,

We have no hope, no help, we drift from night into night.

Cover your smiling faces, veil your arrogant bliss,

We are the stream that flows to a bottomless abyss."

Other information concerning "Occ. verse" is to be found in the *Speaker*, where a kindly critic gives rules for manufacturing any quantity.

THE *Wilson Barrett Birthday Book*, try as we will to keep pace with all the best literature, has eluded us. It is advertised in the Lyceum programme as handsomely illustrated, to be had of the attendants. And cheap, too, only seven shillings!

BOOKS written in collaboration are sufficiently common, and there are several instances of a book which, begun by one hand, has been finished by another. But the cases of books which, begun by one hand and continued by another, are finally completed by a third, are in real life rare. Dickens resorted to the plan in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, but the best specimens are to be met with in the regions of burlesque. A serious example, however, lies before us in the shape of *Cross Purposes*, by the late Emma Marshall. Mrs. Marshall, it seems, began the story, and had progressed as far as Chapter X., when she was attacked by the illness which proved fatal. Her daughter supplied the next three chapters, and then was unable, through illness and grief, to continue, and Miss Evelyn Everett-Green then took up the narrative and completed it. The book is now published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran.

CONCERNING the late Edward Noyes Westcott, the author of *David Harum*, some stories are told in the *New York Bookman*. One day he was asked which he liked best, men or women. "I rather prefer men," he said. "They get on together better, and on the whole they're honester." Asked why they are honester, he replied: "Because, for about six thousand years—that is about the age of the world, isn't it?—man has been oppressing her, and mild deceit is her only means of gaining a point." Another of Westcott's beliefs was that champagne was "the only true blender of all the warring traits of a roomful of people." "Never mind what the food is like," he seems to have said; "so long as the wine is right, the dinner will succeed." Teetotallers must have enjoyed dining there.

MARK TWAIN becomes more and more of a sceptical social inquirer. In the current *Cosmopolitan* he subjects Christian Science to a caustic examination. There is a touch of the true Mark in the opening:

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farmhouses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-coloured flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house—the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

A Christian Scientist staying near by then visits him and they talk. Wishing, however, to recover, he calls in the

local farrier and is cured. This is the conclusion of the matter:

The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him—in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemised bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but Mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary cheque, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

THE artists' studies of the symbolic designs for the *Daily Chronicle* "Address to Madame Dreyfus" have been prepared by the Guild of Women-Binders, and are on view at 61, Charing Cross-road. The designs are by Miss Jessie Wilson, the colouring and illuminating by Mrs. Frank Karslake, and the binding designed and executed by Mrs. Macdonald.

## Bibliographical.

EVERYONE hopes that the requisite money will come in for the lectureship which is designed to do honour to Mr. Stopford Brooke. With the literature of our day Mr. Brooke's name will always be honourably associated. His books on our early literature and on Tennyson will live, though the latter is rather too bulky for the subject, and it will be long, too, before his little *Primer* (both in the revised and in the enlarged versions) ceases to interest the student. His *Poems*, it is to be feared, have not made a very deep impression upon the general public. It is curious to think what might have been the lot of Mr. Brooke if it had not fallen to him to write the *Life of Frederick William Robertson*. It was that work—which came out so long ago as 1865—that brought Mr. Brooke to the fore. It led the way to the *Theology in the English Poets* (1874) and the *Christ in Modern Life* (1881), which, with the *Primer* (1878), established their author's reputation both as a thinker and as a critic.

Excellent is the notion of bringing together into a single volume a selection from the sarcasms aimed at the fair sex by brutal man. *Woman and the Wits* should be a readable book. At the same time, I fear it will but illustrate and emphasise the fact that the wit directed against women has always been a little conventional in subject and phrase. The wags have been inclined to repeat themselves. I have myself made a collection of epigrams on the feminine character, and I find them running on few lines. Woman's levity of mind, her fondness for money, her talkativeness, her shrewishness, her desire to repair artificially the ravages of time—these are the main topics of reproof. Among woman's satirists (in England) have been Herrick, Donne, Rochester, Swift, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Allan Ramsay, Tom Moore, and so forth; but it is rather a significant fact that a great majority of the epigrams aimed at the weaker sex are of anonymous authorship. Let it not be forgotten, too, that man's epigrammatic wit has not always been employed against woman; it has very often been devoted to her praise—from the days of Ben Jonson and Lady Pembroke to those of Sydney Smith and Mrs. Airey.

I presume that the "Mr. H. S. Edwards" who is about to make public *Memories of My Time* is Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, best known, perhaps, to the younger generation as a musical critic of acknowledged authority. Of the history of music and musicians Mr. Edwards is, in truth, a master, as witness his books on *Rossini* and *The Lyrical Drama* (dating from 1881) and on *The Prima Donna* (now rather more than ten years old). We have to thank him, too, for volumes on *Idols of the French Stage* (1889)

and *Famous First Representations* (1886). In all these cases Mr. Edwards has built up very readable works on the basis of a very genuine erudition. He is one of the few specialists who know how to make their speciality appetising. He has written on *The Romanoffs* (1890) and *Old and New Paris* (1893), and is the author of some short stories; but I should imagine that his *Memories* would prove to have reference chiefly to people and things musical and theatrical.

In *Some Famous Hamlets*, Mr. Clement Scott will discourse, it appears, of the more important Hamlets of recent times—Sir Henry Irving's, Mr. Wilson Barrett's, Mr. Tree's, Mr. Forbes Robertson's. It so happens that, just fifteen years ago, Mr. Austin Brereton published a little work in which he reviewed *Some Famous Hamlets* (thus anticipating Mr. Scott's title) from Burbage to Fechter. The two books together will make a fairly complete record, but a fuller narrative would have been more acceptable. Mr. Scott, I note, is to discuss Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet; why ignore the Hamlets of Salvini, Booth, and others, all within living memory?

In the pages of a weekly contemporary a correspondent has been asking for information about Mr. Bliss Carman, the Canadian verse-writer. To the particulars vouchsafed him I may add one or two. Thus, Mr. Carman's *Low Tide on Grand Pré* seems to have been first circulated in England in 1893. Three years later that volume was re-issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews with two others—*Behind the Arras* and *Songs of Vagabondia*. Another of Mr. Carman's publications is *A Sea Mark: a Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson*, which was obtainable over here in July, 1895.

I see there is to be a new edition, with additions, of the little book of verse in which "Hugh Haliburton" set forth *Horace in Homespun*. That was a bold experiment, but not unsuccessful, though anyone less approximate to a Scot than Q. H. F. it is difficult to conceive. Very Scottish, indeed, is "Hugh Haliburton," whose publications have all been Caledonian in subject—*For Puir Auld Scotland's Sake* (in 1888), *In Scottish Fields* (in 1890), *Ochill Idylls, and Other Poems* (in 1892), and *Furth in Field* (in 1894).

Rather notable is the persistent popularity of Tom Moore's prose romance, *The Epicurean*. Very few people, apparently, read his poems nowadays; but for *The Epicurean* there has always been a demand. If I remember rightly, a sixpenny edition of it was brought out a year or two ago; and before that there was an edition at two shillings. The reprint which is to be issued shortly is, I see, to be illustrated—an excellent excuse for its existence.

The announcement of a forthcoming volume of poems which is to be entitled *Rué* recalls, by the association of ideas, the *Rosemary for Remembrance* of Mrs. Brotherton. In the same way the promise of a book of *Bachelor Ballads, and Other Lazy Lyrics*, brings to mind again the *Lazy Minstrel* of Mr. Ashby Sterry, and makes one wonder why that rhymester did not dub himself *The Lazy Lyrist*.

Mr. Herbert Morrah, the new editor of *The Literary Year Book*, first came before the reading world as the author of a book of 'Varsity verse called *In College Groves*. This was in 1893. Then in 1896 came the tale called *A Serious Comedy*, followed in 1897 by *The Faithful City*, and in 1898 by *The Optimist*. A new story was due from Mr. Morrah this year. Why break the record?

I have seen it "paragraphed" somewhere that Mr. Henry Grey is about to publish a new book containing synopses of the plots of certain old English plays. Is this really a new book, or is it only a new edition, enlarged perhaps, of the little work Mr. Grey issued some ten years ago under the title of *Plots of Some of the Most Famous of Old English Plays*?

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## The Husk of a Novelist.

*The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.* By Lewis Melville. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 32s.)

THACKERAY, for reasons satisfactory to himself, requested that no formal biography of him might be written. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, for reasons satisfactory to herself and to everyone else, respected her father's wish. Mr. Lewis Melville, for reasons satisfactory to himself, has attempted to write a biography. Into the ethics of the question we have no desire further to go; but it is obvious that a work written in such circumstances labours under grave disadvantages. Mr. Melville has naturally had no access to confidential documents; he has had to make the best use he can of such scraps of information as are public property, and to sift the available truth out of a mass of gossip and tittle-tattle. To this task he has brought enthusiasm and an unwearying industry. Nevertheless, one remains unpleasantly conscious throughout that it is but the husk and shell of Thackeray that is put before one. The man remains an inscrutable mask: the oneness of inner personality, which should inform with life the somewhat enigmatic phenomena of the world's Thackeray, is unrevealed. And of Thackeray, more than of most men, this intimate revelation is a thing to be desired. He struck his fellows in curiously different ways. There were those who loved him; those whom, like Matthew Arnold, by no means insensitive to his genius, he repelled. Was he at heart a sentimentalist or a cynic? Did he look upon literature as an ideal or as a lucrative profession? Who with authority shall say?

It was Thackeray's misfortune or fault, throughout his life, to come in for more than his share of those somewhat squalid personal controversies which dog the steps of the literary man. He had more than a touch of the fighter's blood in him. Mr. Melville painfully gathers the details. He tells us how Thackeray, like Tennyson, advised Mr. Bulwer Lytton to "leave off scents for his handkerchief and oil for his hair," and how, like Tennyson, he afterwards became anxious to cancel the lampoon. He reprints from the *Bookworm* Thackeray's letter of protest, written in 1843, against the libels of a Mr. Deady Keane in *Fraser's Magazine*. He sets forth the whole history of the Yates-Thackeray affair, and the consequent estrangement between Thackeray and Dickens, who took Mr. Yates's part, and the ultimate reconciliation of the novelists on the steps of a club. He discusses the *Times* review of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, and Thackeray's reply in "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," and suggests that the rankle of this retort must account for the Thunderer's "slating" of *Esmond*, and for the brevity of the obituary notices accorded to Thackeray in the columns of the paper. Well, in themselves these trivialities have lost such significance as they may have ever possessed. We all think now of Bulwer Lytton as Thackeray and Tennyson did then; the *Times* has had to weather greater storms than that of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. Mr. Deady Keane, whoever he was, is more "Deady" than ever; and the feelings of a society journalist have ceased to be a matter of public concern. But what we should care to know is, how Thackeray felt and thought about such things at the time: whether they really meant anything to him—touched his soul, moulded his character. This is just what intimate letters or a private diary might reveal, and what Mr. Melville, owing to the conditions under which he writes, is precluded from giving us. Heaven defend us, of course, from supposing that we are defrauded because Thackeray chose to withhold it.

Obviously there is another way of getting at the inner man besides that of documents. A great writer's soul

must lie in his books somewhere; and one day will come along the man who will treat Thackeray delicately, and, by the subtle alchemy of creative criticism, will reconstruct him for us as he was. A critical biography—in the absence of an autobiography or an intimate biography—that is what is wanted. Does Mr. Melville give us this? Frankly, he does not. There is a good deal of what passes for criticism in the book. The second volume is largely composed of chapters headed: "Thackeray, the Man," "Thackeray as Artist," "Thackeray, the Philosopher," and the like; but it is of a merit infinitely small. Mr. Melville's criticism is anything but of the creative order; there is no glimmer of interpretative genius, of inspired portrait-painting, about it. Not to put too fine a point upon the judgment, Mr. Melville twaddles. A very small sample will suffice:

It is a painful subject to dwell upon—even for those who never knew, or even saw, Thackeray; a picture of fearful sadness to conjure up, this dreadful domestic affliction. His fortune lost, his talents unrecognised (except in a very small circle), his second child dead, his beloved wife taken from him, is it marvellous that Thackeray was able to see the existence of evil as well as of good in the world? The wonder is that he did not become a second Swift, lashing the world and himself with a savage satire, blaspheming at God, cursing at men, sneering at good and evil alike, in some new *Gulliver's Travels*. Instead, however, the great sorrow chastened his soul, and made his later writings more sympathetic than his earlier; and the only use he made of his great power of sarcasm was to chide, nearly always with gentle hand, the follies of his fellow-men in the endeavour to show to them the path of honour, virtue, goodness, and mercy which he himself endeavoured to follow.

We do not wish to confound Mr. Melville's work in a wholesale condemnation. There are things which he could not do, because he had not the opportunity. And there are things which he has failed to do, because he has not the imagination and literary sense. But the book has positive merits all the same. It is a storehouse of data for the critic of the future. Mr. Melville appears to have read and ransacked everything that has been written about Thackeray: and he has taken especial pains, both in the text and in a full bibliography, over the somewhat tedious task of establishing the sequence and the locality of the novelist's minor writings.

We have entertained ourselves by putting together some of the physical portraits of Thackeray scattered through these volumes. This is Carlyle, about the time of the appearance of *The French Revolution* in 1837:

I understand there have been many reviews of a mixed character. I got one in the *Times* last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. . . . His article is rather like him, and, I suppose, calculated to do the book good.

This is Motley, in 1858:

I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant—smooth, white, shiny, ringletty hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years; a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles; a sweet, but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it; and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great snob of England. His manner is like that of everyone else in England, nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat.

This is Mr. Vizetelly in 1843:

A tall, slim individual between thirty and thirty-five years of age, with a pleasant, smiling countenance and a bridgeless nose, and clad in a dressing-gown of decided Parisian cut.

And this is Mr. Lester Wallack, the American actor, in 1856 :

I thought him, with his great height, his spectacles, which gave him a very pedantic air, and his chin carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met; but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time.

Naturally there are some good stories in the book, for Thackeray, whatever else he was, was a fellow of infinite jest; but, naturally also, they are mostly "chestnuts." An amusing account is quoted of the first meeting of Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. She had formed an ideal, and expected him to live up to it. "Behold, a lion cometh out of the north!" she whispered, as he entered the room. "O Lord!" said Thackeray, when this was repeated to him, "and I'm nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" She sat opposite to him at table :

"I had," he says, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it, until, at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly, 'Oh! Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

Another story comes from a letter of Thackeray's to the *Morning Chronicle*, disinterred by Mr. Melville, and printed in an appendix. It is of

an Irish officer, who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell, writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked: "Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers." "Bedad, it's capers I mane," the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger responded.

### Garden, Kitchen, and Farm.

*More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.* By Mrs. Earle. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

*A Farmer's Year.* By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

MRS. EARLE'S new book is an attempt to repeat the success of her first, the *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. The circumstance that she dedicates the sequel to the readers of its forerunner is almost an assurance of this success; it is as much as to say: "You can never get on without them both." But it must be stated at once that the new work is not the equal of the other. The original *Pot-Pourri* was a deliberate, well-arranged, carefully thought-out and carefully written work of good counsel. It contained its author's best, selected from ripe experience. We have a suspicion that much that is in the second *Pot-Pourri* was rejected from its predecessor. And the sequel is padded to excess, too. A little padding will do, but too much is an evil—and a discomfort as well, for it has made this book unwieldy. Moreover, Mrs. Earle, though her domestic and horticultural counsels are admirable, on such matters as literature and travel is no better than a host of other writers and is inferior to many.

We must not be misunderstood. Mrs. Earle's new book is full of agreeable desultory reading, and it has many pages of great value. Our objection is, that it is very much of a scrap-book, flung together with insufficient thought; and we regret to see a lady of such exceptional good sense falling in with a fashion which commands that a success in literature must be, if possible, immediately repeated. Novelists, who are in danger of being left stranded if they do not keep with the tide, may be excused; but the makers of such books as *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* can hardly be too leisurely. The breathless desire to produce rapidly another four hundred pages of counsel

and reflection, because the first has "caught on," should be beneath them.

As an example of the usefulness of *More Pot-Pourri* we may mention that, before we had looked through it for ten minutes, two questions which had long needed a reply had been answered—one referring to the varnishing of plaster casts, and the other to a certain balsam-bearing tree, the name of which has long puzzled its owner. One has but to open the Index at random in order that some idea of Mrs. Earle's variety may be gathered. Here are entries under the letter "B":

Beef, Boiled, 99.  
Begonias, 161, 180.  
Berenson, on Modern Art, 354, 355.  
Besler, Basil, 93.  
Bible, The Tissot, 162.  
Birds, Feeding in Winter, 144, 145; Eating Buds, 204;  
The Harm and the Good They Do, 282.  
Blackbeetles, To Destroy, 215.  
Blackie, Prof., on Squandered Lives, 367.  
Blake, William, Allusion to, 422.  
Bleeding, for Fever, 223.  
Blight on Carnations, &c., Mixture for Destroying, 353.  
Blinds, Substitutes for, 397.  
Blunt, Mr. Wilfrid, Sonnets on Love by, 414-416.

Mrs. Earle somewhere states that this is the last book of the kind that she intends to write. We suggest, then, that when it has had the best of its run, the two series of *Pot-Pourri* should be subjected to analysis, and from them two new books should be formed, one confined to the garden and the other to the kitchen. Thereby their value as manuals would be greatly increased. This would mean the loss of such buffer states between the author's counsels as occasional poems from the *P. M. G.* and funny stories gathered in a Surrey chestnut grove; but the reader intent upon good recipes or horticultural advice would not grumble, and the rest hardly matter.

Mr. Haggard is less of a counsellor than Mrs. Earle. His book is described in its sub-title as a farmer's commonplace book for 1898. That is to say, he does not say, Do this, or, Do that; he says, I did this, or, I did that, or, I shall not do this again. The reader who also farms must draw his own conclusions, towards which Mr. Haggard helps him by printing at the end of the book the balance-sheets of his two farms. Mr. Haggard has altogether about 365 acres of land, of which 261 are at Ditchingham, where he lives, and 104 at Bedingham, five miles away. Part of the land is his own and part he rents at the rate of about a pound an acre. During 1898 the Ditchingham farm showed a profit of £333 5s. 2d., and that at Bedingham of £89 10s. 2d. These sums are, however, subject to various charges for interest, rent, &c., which bring the actual profit down to £80. And taken in connexion with the losses of previous years, the profit is nothing at all. None the less, Mr. Haggard believes, in spite of present scarcity of labour, foreign competition, and all the rest of it, "with plenty of capital, inexhaustible patience, a real love of the thing, and the exercise of about as much general intelligence as would be necessary to move an army corps up the Nile," it is still possible to extract from land in the Eastern Counties (Mr. Haggard's farms are in Norfolk), provided that labour and other conditions are fairly favourable and no great calamity befalls, a moderate rent, an interest on the money invested, and a small living profit. This is the deliberate opinion of one who has tried, and who, we should imagine, is as well fitted to make the experiment wisely as anyone need be.

For the description of Mr. Haggard's own style of farming, and his reasons for it, we must refer readers interested in such matters to the book. Personally, we value the work less for such information than for the healthy open-air feeling that pervades it; the quiet, yet living, description of natural things; and the sane English personality at the back of all. Mr. Haggard is the cultured country gentleman incarnate, although a shade



more catholic, perhaps, than most (as when he commends the symbolic drawings of Mr. Horton, and Mr. Sime's audacious forecasts of Hades), and perhaps wielding an abler pen. His book has the best English soundness, good sense, and solidity. It is not another *Natural History of Selborne*: it lacks the simple charm of that imperishable work; and yet we fancy that long life is in store for it. Truth is mighty and will prevail: Mr. Haggard pins his faith to Truth, and he and that lady may, hand-in-hand, walk far into time.

What the book needs is pruning. Practical and descriptive writing together swell it into nearly five hundred pages, with about 350 words to the page. This is terrific. Perhaps some day Mr. Haggard will extract all that bears strictly on the farm, add to it in the light of later experience, and make one book of that. This would leave for the non-agricultural reader the non-agricultural parts, such, for example, as this:

I suppose that there are not very many people living who have known a person who knew Lady Hamilton, but as it chances I am one of them. In or about the year 1804, Mrs. Bolton, who was Nelson's sister, and her husband hired Bradenham, my brother's house, where I was born, and here Lady Hamilton used to visit them. Indeed, there is a large cupboard in the Red Room that was dedicated to her dresses, whereof the exceeding splendours are still recorded in the traditions of the village. At that time a man of the name of Canham, whom I knew well in his age, was page boy at the Hall, and more than once has he talked to me of Horatio and Lady Hamilton, the former of whom he described as a "white little slip of a thing." I asked him also what Lady Hamilton was like. "Oh," he replied, in the vigorous Norfolk vernacular, "she wör a rare fine opstanding . . . she wör." The missing word is scarcely suited to this page polite, but may easily be guessed. In effect it is a curious piece of contemporary criticism from a source likely to be unprejudiced if outspoken.

And this description of tree-felling:

When the cutting has gone so deep that the shape of the bole approaches to that of a peg-top, the woodmen go to the end of the rope and pull upon it. Probably the tree makes no sign, but, with the exception of an occasional slight quiver as though of fear, which causes the twigs to tremble to their tips, stands as proud and upright as it has stood for the last century or more. Thereupon one of the men remarks to his mate that "she wants a chip or two off the hinder side," and then comes another five minutes of quiet and scientific chopping, followed by a return to the end of the rope. At about the third tug the observer will notice the topmost twigs of the timber bend themselves with a sudden curve, not unlike that of the top joint of a rod when a trout first takes the fly. At the next pull the curve is more sudden, and deeper. Now the great tree begins to groan and rock, and its boughs, rushing to and fro, to flog the air in wide sweeps, but still with a desperate tenacity the thin neck of wood and the remaining rope of root keep it from falling.

"She's a-coming," says the head woodman; "now, together, lad, together." Two more pulls and the doomed tree swings so far that it cannot recover its upright position. For a moment it hangs trembling, as though making obeisance to its murderers; then—a swift rush, a sound of wood rending and of tough roots flying apart with a noise like that of pistol shots, and down it tumbles to the earth with a thunderous rattling crash that echoes through the wood and dies far away upon the breast of the quiet river.

It is done, and a change has come over the landscape; the space that for generations has been filled with leafy branches is now white and empty air. I know of no more melancholy sight—indeed, to this day I detest seeing a tree felled; it always reminds me of the sudden and violent death of a man. I fancy it must be the age of timbers that inspires us with this respect and sympathy, which we do not feel for a sapling or a flower.

That is good and true writing, for which there will always be readers. Mr. Haggard's passages in this vein are excellently illustrated by agreeably poetical drawings by

Mr. Léon Little, which add sensibly to the charm of the book.

One little point of criticism. Mr. Haggard, in an interesting account of his visit to the island of Coll, is in danger of giving a false impression of the walking powers of the gamekeeper there. From ten in the morning, he tells us, until seven at night this man strides without tiring; and then, after leaving the game at the Castle, strolls to his house "a league or so away, has his tea, and starts out for a spot several miles in another direction." Now, Coll is only thirteen miles long and from one to three wide, and the shooting on it is, we believe, divided. This is, however, an absurdly minor matter.

### Ways They Had in the Navy.

*Naval Yarns, 1661-1831.* Collected and edited by W. H. Long. (Gibbings & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a book of sailors' and midshipmen's letters—real documents—written from our old wooden warships when the smoke of battle had cleared off. England must have many such narratives, fading into illegibility. The sailor's account of a battle is the true complement of the historian's. One might burrow long among formal records of Anson's fights and find nothing half so illuminating as the letter written by a young tar on board the *Centurion* to his brother at Winchester. "Dear Brother," he begins,

"here comes joy enuff, we have the grate fortune to meet the French fleet with 35 sail of Marchant-Men a going to Canedee, with 10 Sail of Men of Warr, all ships of the Line. Our captane being the Devile of a man run in amongst the hole fleet . . . such a Battell never was known in the hole World; Shot and Ball flew like hail from the Heavens. . . . In one of the Ships was found thre Milyon of Money, in the other about 16 Milyon. If wee have Justice done us, we shall have a thousand pound a man. . . . Brother, as for the priveteers we have taken a dozen; Damm the French: Drink, dear brother, for we dress mutton in Claret."

In almost every letter and journal in this collection we are on the lower deck; we haul at the ropes, smell the powder as it comes up, and hear the talk of the men at the guns. If we encounter much that is brutal, and some things that cannot be quoted, there is the stamp of truth on all. A sailor who fought on the *Goliath* in the battles of the Nile and St. Vincent tells us that the "disagreeable part" of the work begins after the fight, when for days the crews "have no remission of their toil, repairing the rigging and other parts injured in the action." He gives us pictures too. Here is a Turner rudely sketched:

The *Goliath* led the van. There was a French frigate right in our way. Captain Foley cried: "Sink that brute; what does he there?" In a moment she went to the bottom, and her crew were seen running into her rigging. The sun was just setting as we went into the bay, and a red and fiery sun it was.

A letter written from Trafalgar Bay by a sailor who fought on the *Royal Sovereign* has some excellent touches:

HONOURED FATHER,—This comes to tell you I am alive and hearty except three fingers; but that's not much; it might have been my head. I told brother Tom I should like to see a greaddy battle, and I have seen one, and we have peppered the Combined rarely; and for matter of that, they fought us pretty tightish for French and Spanish. Three of our men are killed, and four more of us are winged. . . . We have taken a rare parcel of ships, but the wind is so rough we cannot bring them home, else I should roll in money. So we are busy smashing 'em, and blowing 'em up wholesale. . . . Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed! so we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. I never sat eyes on him, for which I am both sorry and glad; for, to be sure, I should like to have seen him—but then all the men in our ship who have seen him are such

soft toads, they have done nothing but blast their eyes, and cry, ever since he was killed. God bless you! chaps that fought like the devil sit down and cry like a wench.

This is splendid. Excellent, too, is the "Journal of a Naval Surgeon, 1758-1763." Mr. Long has wisely printed it exactly as it reads in the MS. A surgeon's eye is a keen eye, and a surgeon's humour is commonly a healthy humour, and this surgeon had both. His journal is a little gallery of naval portraits and interiors. He compares his ship, the *Coventry*, to a court or a palace that is full of petty rivalries and hypocrisies. A newly-appointed captain, who had been "hoisted over the bellies of better men," soon produced envy, hatred, and malice in the gun-room. The surgeon was rather pleased than otherwise to see this popinjay turn coward when a French frigate hove in view. The captain's intention was to run ashore to avoid the enemy, but this was opposed with many oaths by Mr. Dalrymple, the second lieutenant, a "plain rough-hewn seaman," who modelled himself on Commodore Truncheon, and was so ardent a Scotchman that he would yield nothing to other countries, not even that the silver mines of Mexico exceeded those of Argyleshire if properly worked. The fact that this fine, rugged fellow, who had "never bowed at a levée," deliberately copied Commodore Truncheon, is an interesting tribute to the power of the pen—of Smollett's pen in particular: it suggests a whole series of inquiries into cases in which life is true to literature. In the surgeon's gallery we find one Governor Johnson, who had a sloop of sixteen guns, and, being a literary man, had his cabin filled with books. He had even brought out with him a "literary companion and tutor"—to wit, Mr. Campbell, whom the surgeon vaguely describes as "the celebrated author of *Lexiphanes* and some other works." This man had been toiling for the London booksellers thirty years when he went to sea with this bookish captain of a man-o'-war. But he soon longed for the flesh-pots of Grub-street, and hurried back from the Lisbon station in the *Bellona*. On the way three French men-o'-war were encountered, and the unhappy bibliophile was bidden to stand on the quarter-deck as the captain's *aide-de-camp*. In the height of the action his knees tottered, and he craved permission to go and assist the doctors, whereupon the captain—who had no sympathy with authors afloat—told him he might go to a place much lower than the cockpit. In the same action a young English lady could hardly be restrained from joining in the fray: "she was one of the true Amazonian breed."

Of the general life on board a modern man-o'-war this eighteenth century surgeon gives us several glimpses. It is evident that the naval drawings of Rowlandson do not exaggerate the chaos of dissipation which prevailed between the decks of a war-ship in the Thames or other populous port when a George was on the throne. Once when the *Magnanime* was to be repaired at Plymouth her whole crew, consisting of 750 men, was put on board the *Canterbury* and no shore leave given. But the men's wives were allowed to come on board, and they came in such force that the purser soon complained of

a very extraordinary expenditure of beer, more than the king's allowance, which is a gallon a day to each man, owing to the great number of females on board, who, being mustered by the admiral's order, amounted to 492, who all declared themselves married women, and were acknowledged by the sailors as their wives; where or when they were married was never inquired, the simple declaration was considered as sufficient to constitute a nautical and temporary union, and which was authorised by long established custom as practised time immemorial in His Majesty's Navy.

"Time immemorial" has passed, taking the old mad, bad customs with it. No longer do Her Majesty's sailors, when paid off, scheme to revenge themselves on any officer whose tyranny or strictness they have resented. In the old days unpopular lieutenants knew what to do when

their ship was berthed and unrigged: they vanished. When the *Coventry* paid off, the tyrannical first lieutenant travelled post-haste to London; but the gunner's mate and a party of men came up with him in Cheapside, gave him a sound drubbing, and rolled him in the kennel.

Not all the contents of this naval portfolio are as good as the Surgeon's Journal; but the book is a little mine of raw material for novelists who deal in frigates and "second-rates."

### Sidelights on Paul Kruger.

*The Transvaal from Within.* By J. P. Fitzpatrick. (Heinemann. 10s. net)

THIS is a book that comes just in the nick of time for those who wish to know the truth about the Transvaal. Its author is South African born, has lived for fifteen years among the Boers, and was for a considerable time secretary to the Johannesburg Reform Committee. He proves on every page that he has a fulness of knowledge out of which to compile his chronicle, and yet he is not unconscious of the disadvantages under which he labours as a writer of history that is still in the making. He frankly poses as a champion of the Outlanders, for everyone else, he says, has been both heard and judged, while the Outlanders have been judged without being heard. Had it not been for the prohibition of the Boer Government, the book, most of which was written three years ago and has since been extensively circulated in private, would have been made public in 1896. The reader knows, therefore, what to expect. He will find in Mr. Fitzpatrick an able and a moderate advocate of the Outlander cause. He will also find that much of the contents of the *Transvaal from Within* is of local rather than general interest—as the author straightforwardly confesses.

In such a narrative there are, of course, many lights thrown on the complex character of that curious survival Paulus Stephanus Johannes Kruger. "*L'État c'est moi*" is almost as true of the Dopper President as it was of its originator, for in matters of external policy and in matters which concern the Boers as a party the President has his way as surely and as completely as any anointed autocrat. That Mr. Kruger has fine stuff in him is shown by his answer to an English nobleman, who, in the course of an interview, remarked: "My father was a Minister of England, and twice Viceroy of Ireland." The old Dutchman answered: "And my father was a shepherd." Mr. Fitzpatrick, while unflinchingly and of necessity exposing the misdeeds of the "old Dutchman," is by no means unsympathetic in his estimate of him, as is proved by the following passage:

In the history of South Africa the figure of the grim old President will loom large and striking—picturesque, as the figure of one who by his character and will made and held his people; magnificent, as one who in the face of the blackest fortune never wavered from his aim or faltered in his effort; who with a courage that seemed, and still seems, fatuous, but which may well be called heroic, stood up against the might of the greatest empire in the world. And, it may be pathetic too, as one whose limitations were great, one whose training and associations—whose very successes—had narrowed, and embittered and hardened him; as one who, when the greatness of success was his to take and to hold, turned his back on the supreme opportunity, and used his strength and qualities to fight against the spirit of progress, and all that the enlightenment of the age pronounces to be fitting and necessary to good government and a healthy state.

This surely is appreciative enough. Yet it is hard not to dilute one's admiration for the rugged virtues of the peasant despot when one reads only a few pages further on that Mr. Kruger (in 1877) retained his office for some time after he had concerned himself in the Repeal agita-



tion, but finally resigned his post on being refused an increased remuneration for which he had repeatedly applied. There can be little doubt that had this inducement been forthcoming, he would have remained a loyal British subject. No doubt he would have done better to imitate the honest consistency of Mr. Joubert, who alone of the officials who protested against the annexation refused to take office under the British Government. But no doubt Oom Paul was wise in his generation, for between 1886 and 1899 the salary list of the Transvaal officials has risen from £51,831 to £1,216,394. And here is another historical fact given by Mr. Fitzpatrick. It relates to the year 1884 when a Boer deputation of two visited Europe to raise money and try to get the Convention of 1881 modified:

Messrs. Kruger and Smit were staying at the Albemarle Hotel, where they found themselves, after some weeks' delay, in the uncomfortable position of being unable to pay their hotel bill. In their extremity they applied to one Baron Grant (recently deceased), at that time a bright particular star in the Stock Exchange firmament. Baron Grant was largely interested in the gold concessions of Lydenburg, and he was willing to assist, but on terms. And the *quid pro quo* which he asked was some public assurance of goodwill, protection, and encouragement to British settlers in the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger responded on behalf of the Republic by publishing in the London Press a cordial invitation and welcome and the promise of rights and protection to all who would come.

His hotel bill settled for him, Mr. Kruger went home, and how he has since treated those he publicly promised protection is long since a matter of history. "Burghers, friends, thieves, murderers, newcomers, and others!" is the elegant opening of an address he delivered not many years ago in a mining district. "Their rights. Yes, they'll get them over my dead body," was his kindly comment on a manifesto published by the National Union in 1895. And few will be found to differ from the verdict of the old Boer two years earlier, when the Raad, under the pressure put on them by the President, rejected the petition of 13,000 aliens for an extension of the franchise. "Now," he said, "our country is gone. Nothing can settle this but fighting, and there is only one end to the fight. Kruger, and his Hollanders have taken our independence more surely than ever Shepstone did." Surely the Boer patriots of the Transvaal have memories so short as only to be equalled by those of their brethren in the Free State, otherwise they would not have forgotten that it is written in the records of the Free State:

That on a certain day the President stated in open Raad that proof had been obtained of a proposed combined attack on the Free State by the Transvaal Boers led by Pretorius and Kruger on the one side, and the Basutos under Moshesh on the other—a horrible and unnatural alliance which was not effected only because Moshesh could not trust his professed allies. The Raad thereupon publicly gave thanks to the Almighty, who had revealed and frustrated this "hideous complot."

That was in 1857; but the Boers are a conservative race.

There are many pleasanter pages in Mr. Fitzpatrick's book than those on which Mr. Kruger has to be mentioned. He has handled with skill the mass of complications which have attended the Outlanders' struggles to be free; and all who desire to know what has led up to the extraordinary birth-card the Transvaal President sent us on October 10 should read the *Transvaal from Within*.

### To Apollo.

PHOEBUS, to thee the swan sings shrill to the beating of his wings, as he lights on the bank of the whirling pools of the river Peneus; and to thee with his shrill lyre does the sweet-voiced minstrel sing ever, both first and last. Even so hail thou, Prince, I beseech thee in my song.

From Mr. Lang's "*The Homeric Hymns: A New Translation*."

### Catullus of Verona.

*Poems of Catullus.* Selected and Edited by H. V. Macnaghten and A. B. Ramsay. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

*The Story of Catullus.* By Hugh Macnaghten. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

THE Latin poets have many and diverse qualities, but with one exception the note of individuality, the "lyric cry," which we moderns look for before and beyond everything in poetry, is lacking. The one exception is, of course, Catullus of Verona. Yet another proof of the grip which Catullus has upon the hearts of his readers is to be found in the two little volumes now before us. They are labours of love, not mere exercises in book-making. One is a scholarly little edition of "the single Roman poet whom no boy has ever wholly failed to appreciate," in his original Latin. This is the work of two Eton masters, Mr. H. V. Macnaghten and Mr. A. B. Ramsay. For the other Mr. Macnaghten is alone responsible. It is an English narrative or, let us say, reconstruction of the life of Catullus, which serves as a thread on which to string verse translations of a large number of the poems. Mr. Macnaghten hopes that it may be read by

perhaps even an Eton boy who has read Catullus at school and is a little ashamed at having cared so much for any part of his work; or the sister of an Eton boy, if I may speak out all my dreams, who has read in Tennyson of the "tenderest of Roman poets," and would learn something which her brother refuses to tell of that Catullus "whose dead songster never dies."

Catullus, alas! is untranslatable, but "English" readers may gather from his book a very tolerable idea of what manner of man Catullus was and what his song.

The themes of Catullus are almost entirely personal. His own fierce hates and passionate loves are his inspiration. He knew no reticence, and the tragedy of his brief life can easily be traced from its reflection in his verse. The central figure in that drama is the beautiful and base Lesbia, identified plausibly enough with the Clodia whose subsequent infamies are revealed to us in one of Cicero's most celebrated speeches. Catullus was a Veronese by birth, of good municipal lineage and fortune, the son of a friend of Cæsar—Cæsar whom he afterwards so wholeheartedly lampooned. Coming to Rome as a lad, he fell under the fascination of Clodia, a married woman, ten years older than himself. They loved, and with Catullus love became lyric.

You ask how many kisses can fulfil  
Your kisses, Lesbia, or exceed my will.  
As many grains as are of Libyan sand  
By rich Cyrene in the silphium land  
Between Jove's sultry oracle and where  
Stands ancient Battus' sacred sepulchre;  
Or many as the stars whose light discovers,  
When night is hushed, the stealthy tryst of lovers:  
So many of your kisses can fulfil  
Love-rapt Catullus or exceed his will,  
Beyond the count of jealous tongues to tell  
Or prying eyes to blight with envious spell.

For two short years Catullus' pen was golden, and then a shadow fell upon the sun. Clodia proved faithless to him, and he learnt by bitter experience the lightness of a wanton's word.

None else but me, my lady vows 'tis true,  
None else for her though Jove himself should sue;  
She vows, a woman to her lover: grave  
Such words upon the wind and fleeting wave.

At first he struggled to disguise the truth to himself. There were lovers' quarrels and redintegrations of love. A beautiful poem celebrates a momentary return of Clodia to her allegiance:

If that which is the heart's desire be told  
Unhoped for, it is joy beyond the rest,  
Therefore I count it joy more dear than gold,  
That, love, you turn again and make me blest;

You turn, my heart's desire so long denied,  
Unasked, unhop'd for. Oh! the white, bright day!  
What happiness in all the world beside  
Is like to mine? The rapture who shall say?

But at last truth could no longer be hidden, and the lover's idealising fervour turned to a fury of revolt. Clodia broke from him, only to betray another, and then another, until her name became a scandal even in Rome. The taunting epigrams of the forsaken Catullus pursued her almost literally down the streets of the city. Mr. Macnaghten takes pains to point out the parallel between the tragedy of Catullus and the tragedy of Shakespeare, shadowed out so obscurely in the Sonnets. Like Shakespeare, Catullus lost his mistress through his friend. At an early date he appears to have suspected one Quintius of plotting to wreck his happiness, and addressed to him a pathetic quatrain:

If you would have Catullus be your debtor for the light,  
The light of eyes, or if there be a dearer thing than sight,  
Ah! Quintius, spare to rob your friend of one far dearer  
prize

Than light of eyes, or if there be a dearer light than eyes.  
But the actual traitor was a more intimate friend still. Marcus Caelius Rufus, known as the best dancer in Rome. Rufus had but little joy of his prize, for when Clodia had in her turn left him, she inspired a rival to bring against him a charge of poisoning, and it needed all the eloquence of Cicero to secure his acquittal.

At the moment Catullus lost Clodia through infidelity he lost a beloved brother through death. His "Ave atque Vale" is one of the greatest of threnodies. He turned for consolation from the double shock to foreign travel. He went with the proctor Memmius to Bithynia, and came back in spring refreshed of soul and ready to celebrate the beauties of Sirmio, on the Lago di Garda, in one of the few Latin poems which show real feeling for nature. Then he took to politics, in a literary dilettante sort of way, and pursued Caesar, rapidly becoming the master of Rome, with merciless epigrams. This is, perhaps, the only decent one among them:

Not overmuch I care,  
Caesar, your friend to be;  
You may be dark or fair,  
I never looked to see.

Caesar had the magnanimity and the wisdom to overlook the epigrams, and to ask the epigrammatist to dinner; and, in one of his latest poems, Catullus was in turn generous enough to call Caesar "great." This poem mentioned the conquest of Britain, which took place in 54 B.C., and probably it was in the same year that the poet died. He was just thirty, an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown."

As has been seen, most of his work was intensely lyric and personal, but there are two or three pieces of wider scope and extreme beauty. There is the famous "Attis"; there is an exquisite Ode to Diana, to be sung by alternating choruses of boys and girls; and there is the great Epithalamium, model of so many Epithalamia of the Renaissance, written for the wedding of Manlius Torquatus and Vinia Aurunculeia. Thus it opens, in the graceful lilt of Mr. Macnaghten's rendering:

God, of Urania son,  
Haunter of Helicon,  
Who, to the husband's side  
Snatching a tender bride,  
Hear'st Hymen, Hymen, cried;  
Thy flowery brows around  
Marjoram sweet be bound,  
Come with the joy aglow,  
Come with the veil we know,  
Yellow shoes, feet of snow.  
Come, on this happy day,  
Singing the marriage lay,  
Raise the song shrill and sweet,  
Wave the pine torch and beat  
Earth with thy frolic feet.

### The Plain Man's Commentary.

*Texts Explained; or, Helps to Understand the New Testament.*  
By F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. (Longmans. 6s.)

THIS volume is neither a treatise nor a history; it is not a running commentary either; but a series of occasional notes calling attention to "a large number of verses or passages, of which—in matters of varying importance—the force, the beauty, the correct reading, the exact rendering, or the deep special [spiritual?] significance has often been mistaken, overlooked, or altogether obliterated."

Incidentally he does much to justify, in the eyes of the public which resented them, the minute—and at first sight arbitrary—changes introduced by the Revisers. To take an instance, in the narrative of the herd of swine (that gave so much offence to Huxley) there is a slight change from the indefinite to the definite article. "The whole herd rushed," we read in the Authorised Version, "violently down a steep place into the sea. . . ." "Down the steep place" is the correct rendering of the Revisers; and this coincidence reveals itself:

Near the modern Wady Kherza (a corruption of Gergosa) is "the steep"—the only spot on the eastern side of the lake where the swine could have perished in this way; for everywhere else along the coast there is a broad margin of level land between the hills and the shore.

Again, the famous parable of the Sower is introduced by the verse: "Great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore." When "shore" became "beach," the multitude of the English gnashed its teeth with irritation. Yet

the word is one of many instances in which exactness restores the evidence that we are dealing with the personal observation of eye-witnesses; for *aigialos* means properly a beach of *shingle*, and is here the accurate word for this very spot on the shore of the lake.

An opportunity is missed by both versions in the rendering of the verse which Dean Farrar accurately translates: "On the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus was standing and cried, saying, If any man thirst. . . ." Why this abrupt metaphor? The accurate rendering of the imperfect tense readily suggests that he was watching the doings of the officiants, and here is found the key:

During the Feast of Tabernacles took place the daily ceremony which was known as the Drawing of the Water. . . . One of the Levites went each day with a golden ewer to the pool of Siloam, filled it with water, and brought it in solemn procession to the priest who was sacrificing on the great altar, who emptied it over the altar. The ceremony primarily symbolised the gift of water from the rock in the wilderness. No such ceremony was enjoined in the Law, yet more importance was attached to it in the Pharisaic ritual than to any other, and the Rabbis said that "he who had not witnessed the joy at the drawing of the water knew not what joy was." . . . Jesus had doubtless been standing and watching the water procession when He suddenly cried out to the throng in the Temple: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, as said the Scripture, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Where questions of opinion or doctrine are concerned, Dean Farrar is another man; and inasmuch as the scope of the work is too narrow to allow of anything like an adequate presentment of more than one side of any question, his comments are apt to irritate a reader who recognises that to most matters of controversy there are at least two. His manner of treating the famous "Thou art Peter" is an example; the passages relating to the Lord's Supper supply many. But for such as are in general of his mind, for a section of the Church of which he is a pillar and for the evangelical sects akin to it, his latest volume will be a prized addition to the destroyed shelf.



## Other New Books.

LOCHS AND LOCH FISHING. BY H. STUART, M.A., LL.B.

WE liked the appearance of Mr. Stuart's book when we unfolded it from the wrapper. The subject was attractive, and, viewed from the outside, the volume was worthy of the theme. Judge, then, of our surprise when the first sentence of the preface hit us in the eye. Here is the first sentence:

Mystery, romance, the freedom of the larger heaven, these are the possessions of the lake, so long as a tarn gleams like a blue jewel set in the swart hills, so long as a legend runs, so long as the commoner of air has a heritage.

Had Mr. Ruskin broken out under a pen-name? That was our first thought. We are modest men; and when a writing is too steep for us we begin by assuming that it must be very grand. On we went, therefore, in much deference, and came upon the following:

Of the mystery the Kelpie is not alone the overlord; he shares the kingdom with many creations of the fancy born of the grey silence under ghostly hills, of the crested wave, white-gleaming above the dark depths, of the ominous calm of the amber-surface fading into the blackness of the inner places, home of the demon trout, that haunts every lake, retaining its legacy of the Wilderness, as an heir of the unknown that may be terrible.

Let us cite another sentence:

Their habits, however, diverge with the estuary, while their environment, keeping in view the retroactive influence of life conditions on habits and of habits as qualifying through heredity the relative and not the absolute conditions of existence necessary, postulates certain requirements for the sea-trout with which the salmon can afford to dispense.

These passages are not exceptional. The whole book is written in the same strain. The present writer has often fished in the region with which Mr. Stuart deals, and would have been glad to find the book worthy of a long review and high praise. Mr. Stuart, we daresay, may have much knowledge; but his method of expression is neither intelligent nor intelligible. (Chapman & Hall.)

GOOD CITIZENSHIP. EDITED BY THE REV. J. E. HAND.

The preface to this book of twenty-three essays is by the Rev. Charles Gore, and is an admirably clear piece of writing, containing the whole spirit of the essays which follow. The book is a plea for a more conscious, a more general, and a more thoughtful citizenship—something between the "extreme individualism of Mr. Herbert Spencer" and State Socialism in any form. The average Englishman is so practical, says Mr. Gore, that he is very apt not to think. "An Englishman often knows hardly anything and thinks about hardly anything except his own home, his own business, his own pleasure, and his own place of worship." He does not bother his head about politics; he even makes a virtue of his abstention. Whereas his abstention is the vice of politics, and the strength of narrow and unworthy factions and soulless financial interests.

The intentions of this book are excellent, and its themes, Old Age Pensions, Re-Housing, Cottage Homes, Ladies' Settlements, &c., are well chosen. Our only fear is that it lacks the attractiveness which such an appeal should have. We handle the book gravely, survey it with reverence, but—our thoughts travel to the level plains of Brixton, the hill country of Islington and Upper Holloway, the marshy flats of Lambeth, and the virgin building sites of Ilford and Hither Green, and we wonder what chances this book has of turning little apathetic householders into social zealots. We are sure that a single novel called *The Citizen*, written by a fine—a not too fine—hand, embodying the same teaching, would be the right weapon. In these days one novelist shall chase a thousand, but twenty-three

essayists, led by a High Churchman, will appeal mainly to those who are already in the vineyard. Unfortunately the novel is not written and the Essays are. We wish the book well, and we would our faith were stronger. (Allen. 6s.)

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN. BY PAUL EVE STEVENSON.

Strictly speaking, this record of four months in a Yankee clipper is not a book at all: it is the material from which a book might be made. Mr. Stevenson's capacity for taking careful notes and using his eyes and ears is adequate; but that is, of course, not enough: the real work comes later. At a loose computation there are some 136,000 words in this volume, of which 68,000 are superfluous. We should advise Mr. Stevenson to read Mr. Bullen's *Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* and, when next he takes a voyage, to endeavour to keep to relevance as well as that narrative does. This is the best kind of thing we get in *By Way of Cape Horn*:

But if this fellow is well read, what can be said of old Kelly, in the mate's watch. We pumped together yesterday afternoon and had much conversation, during which he said that he hailed from Charleston, but that his family had moved north to Troy when the war broke out, and that his parents had brought him up strictly and decently. He volunteered no reason for having turned sailor, but branched off into literature, beginning with a pertinent quotation from Burns and another from Moore. These led him on, and he expressed great admiration for ancient history, concluding with a well-turned eulogy on Gibbon's *Rome*, with illustrations for preferring it to any other account of that great empire. At first it seems extraordinary to find so intelligent a man before the mast, living a beast's life, and surrounded by men with whom he has but little in common. Yet such fellows are by no means uncommon on sea, for one often happens upon a man in a Cape Horner's fore-castle whom Nature did not intend should be there.

How different is old Kelly's conversation from that of the mate, especially at dinner and supper, when he shouts out his witless jokes! To-day he burst in with the following silly story, and it was totally irrelevant to what we were talking about: "There was a hold feller I knew once that lived in the country, and when 'e saw the telegraph wires put hup past 'is farm, 'e 'ung a pair 'o boots on 'em to send 'em to 'is son." At the conclusion of such pleasantries his sense of humour is so agitated that he seems upon the brink of spasms, and his temporal arteries swell out as big as lead-pencils, while he chortles and wheezes and gasps like an old tattered bellows.

The book is homely, veracious stuff, rough and pertinent; but it is too little compressed and separated by too much weather. However, for readers with infinite diligence it may be something of a treasure. (Lippincott.)

HUBERT HERVEY. BY EARL GREY.

This is the record of a career moulded by the new Imperialistic trend of British foreign policy. "It is a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire," wrote Hervey in one of his letters, and he did it. His early life and occupations were quiet. On leaving Cambridge he settled with his mother in London, and acted as assistant secretary to the Health, Inventions, and Colonial Exhibitions held at South Kensington. Society, fishing, and travel sped his generous leisure; but Hervey's heart was in a life of adventure. "Instead of which I shall probably end my days having never accomplished anything greater than directing envelopes in a temporary iron office built by Messrs. Humphreys & Co., the great contractors at Albert Gate." However, he was permitted to spend two years checking transfers in the offices of the British South Africa Company, years in which his eyes were fastened on South Africa. The death of his mother releasing him from filial obligations, Hervey went to South Africa, and was given a post in the Law Department at Salisbury. The Matabele rising of 1893-1894 suddenly gave him opportunities for action. He joined

Dr. Jameson's force, and fought at Shangani and Bembesi, returning to a better civil post at Salisbury. His letters describe African life in a plain, clear way. From Devil's Pass, near Umtali, he writes:

The whole scene here is very characteristic: wagons, oxen, Kaffirs, bush and mountains, donkeys, and a tent. . . . I have taken a few books with me, three plays of Shakespeare, a Virgil, and some selections from Burke. You see, all this will bear reading and re-reading, and space is a consideration in the veldt.

In 1896 came the further attempt to dislodge the Matabele from the Matoppo Hills, and in leading his men to occupy a ridge Hervey was fatally wounded. His career was regulated by high motives, and one wishes that the "expansion of the Empire" were being effected by more men of his stamp. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

#### PRESENT-DAY EGYPT.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

Mr. Penfield is the United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt. This book is what he says it is, a "discursive budget of information and comment." Its illustrations are familiar and inevitable. There are temples, and palms, and water-carriers, and dahabiyehs. We turn to the chapter on "Britain's Position in Egypt." It is, on the whole, complimentary. Egypt has been rehabilitated by a body of officials not exceeding one hundred in number, and:

England possesses a capacity for conducting colonies and rehabilitating run-down countries which amounts almost to genius. Overbearing and arrogant as the British functionary out of England often appears to be, he must be scrupulously honest and generally capable to find a place in the perfectly organised machinery guided from London. Frenchmen say that Egypt's restoration to prosperity could have been better accomplished by them, and some allege that this prosperity is more apparent than real, charging that much is neglected in the desire to make a favourable showing in the yearly balance-sheet. But a frank investigation of what France does with her own dependencies, nearly every one of which is run at a loss, gives support to the belief that Egypt is better off under British guidance than she could be under that of France. No alien power could have done better in Egypt than Great Britain has. But her critics claim to recognise scant justification for Britain's absorption of the country of the Khedive merely because of her ability to do good work there, and point to the glaring flaw in her title.

Mr. Penfield is enthusiastic on the advantages of Egypt as a health resort. (Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

BY SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY.

Each volume of the "Social England" series of handbooks, now appearing under the able editorship of Mr. Kenelm Cotes, is written by a specialist, and traces in detail the history of one or other of the various phases of native life in this country. *The Evolution of the English House*, an important branch of the subject, is treated by Mr. Addy in a manner at once interesting and erudite. The writer traces the development, then, not of the lordly mansion, but of the labourer's humble dwelling, from its earliest beginnings. The bay, which, to judge from deeds, leases, and other documents, was the unit of measurement, was no accidental nor arbitrary standard, but such that originated simply in practical convenience. It was determined by the average space occupied in stalling two yokes of oxen abreast. The pair of "crutches" leaning together make the pointed outline of the roof; and from these "forks"—in German *gabel*—is derived our word "gable." The connexion between the word "threshold" and the threshing-floor is less obvious, until it is realised that, in days when the ground floor was, for the most part, neither paved nor boarded, the stone doorstep had to do service also for threshing purposes. How low a standard

of comfort prevailed, and for how long a period, is indeed astounding. The comparative lateness of the use of window-glass is a case in point. Mr. Addy instances Hardwick Hall as evidence of the sudden cheapening of glass in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Had such enormous windows been more general at that time, one would be forced to accept the writer's conclusions, but as Hardwick is altogether exceptional, its peculiarity must be attributed rather to the caprice and ostentation of the lady builder than to economic causes. Another statement of the writer's must, in the absence of dates to support it, be called in question. He declares that the building of houses with overhanging upper storeys was a fashion imported subsequently into the country from the town where, clearly, the object was to provide the utmost amount of room within the house, and at the same time to avoid encroaching on the roadway without. But surely there is a utilitarian motive for this mode of construction both in town and country—namely, that, in the absence of gutters and pipes, it was highly desirable to carry the rain at such a distance away as not to soak down the walls nor sap the foundations of the building.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY. ED. BY H. R. MILL, D.Sc.

Geography has taken on so many attractions of late that those of us who were nurtured on the dry bones of the science barely twenty or thirty years ago can scarcely recognise the text-books of to-day as the descendants of the compilations of mouldy facts and dreary figures to which our youth was doomed. But it has been reserved for the seventy authors whom Dr. H. R. Mill has gathered round him to produce a volume that surpasses in combined interest and usefulness any of its predecessors of which we are aware. Someone had the bright idea of inviting an acknowledged pundit on each of the chief divisions of the world's surface, and wherever possible a native of the country described, to write in the language most easy to him a continuous account of his own land. Statistics are barred in the body of each narrative, and, instead of catching the eye and delaying the mind in mid career, they are banished for leisurely reference to the end of the chapter. All the contributions have, of course, been translated into English under the superintendence of the editor. It is a most admirable idea most admirably worked out. Rarely has such a bulk of the latest scientific research been so attractively decked out. The book is equally enjoyable and useful according to the student's desire for a well-written description or for a thoroughly up-to-date work of reference. A few of the names will illustrate the high standard aimed at and achieved. Mr. Bryce tells the tale of the Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. Prof. Grenville Cole, of Dublin, has Ireland entrusted to his charge. Prof. Erodí, President of the Hungarian Geographical Society, surveys the kingdom of the Magyars. Sir Harry Johnston brings our knowledge of British West Africa, British Central Africa, and Tunisia up to the latest attainable point; and there is a good illustration of the book's thoroughness in the note on the change in management of Nigeria, which only happened some ten weeks ago. Prof. Nansen appropriately breaks the ice of our ignorance of the Arctic regions; Mr. Selous writes of Southern Rhodesia; Prof. Aitof describes Russia; Prof. Bertrand, of Santiago, discourses of Chili; Sir George Robertson, of Afghanistan; and Prof. Thoroddsen, of Reykjavik, of Iceland. Prof. Davis, of Harvard University, gives the historical and political geography of the United States at a length and with a clearness specially worthy of note. The book is most conscientiously indexed, and illustrated by maps that are unusually clear and handy in size. It should be in every public library and many private collections. Cannot Sir George Newnes (whose pet Antarctic is not forgotten) give us a companion volume on history on a similar plan? (George Newnes, Ltd.)



## Fiction.

*On Trial.* By "Zack."  
(William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

It seems impossible that this simple story of Devonshire folk should fail to arouse enthusiasm among students of good fiction. Its inspiration is so ample, vigorous, and fresh, and its execution so masterfully free, that one is much tempted to hail it with those superlatives of praise which, alas! may not be employed because they are soiled by glib and ignoble use. If "Zack" is not yet a master, she is on the way to become such. She has the magic, inexplicable gifts of vision and song, and she has them in full. As you read her pages you feel, beneath the surface of expression, the strong, easy, leisurely pulse of an imagination calmly exulting in its own power. There is no question here of "making the most" of a talent—of piecing it out with ingenuities and painstaking and heavy labours. Clearly, "Zack" has much to give, and she gives it easily. She is exempt from the cares of imaginative poverty. She sees, she feels, she writes, and doesn't count the cost. She can afford to be generous.

*On Trial* is the history of a coward, a mean and despicable coward. Dan Pigott was in the army, but when the call came to active service he bought himself out with fifteen pounds sent to him by Phoebe, his sweetheart. Then he returned to his native village to find Phoebe in disgrace. She was in the domestic employ of Dan's uncle, and Mr. Pigott had dismissed her for stealing. She had stolen the fifteen pounds, and, though she had escaped prosecution, she was ruined for life. Dan had excellent intentions, but he had no self-confidence. He knew that he was a coward. Asked by his uncle how he obtained the money for his discharge, he said that he won it on a horse. He was guilty of the infamy of blaming Phoebe to himself. Time and again he swore to speak the truth out, but he never did. He added idiotic carelessness to his cowardice, and lost a letter of Phoebe's which bore his incrimination on the face of it. If his uncle should see that letter he would lose the heritage of the farm. The letter fell into the hands of one Silas Trustgore, an ostler and a hoary, superstitious knave, and Trustgore consistently blackmailed Dan thenceforth. Dan told Phoebe, and Phoebe entreated Trustgore's old sweetheart Anne to get the letter. Anne was dying. Trustgore went to see her, and she told him that she could not die in peace because she heard "a mort of voices," and above the rest Dan Pigott's, "the wail of a damned soul . . . , and it witnesses continually afore God agin me and agin you."

"Speak for me, Anne; speak for me!" he pleaded, sinking on his knees beside the bed. "Tull Him I be reckoning to ha' done wi' evil ways and repent. Tull Him I have put by a tidy bit o' money, and sha'n't be uncharitable to them that goes in need o' it."

"Tis dark . . . dark . . ." she repeated; "I can't find the gert white throne, and what wud it profit if I flung mezelf face down 'pon tap the staps . . . the Almighty wudn't heed while that voice testifies on . . ."

"But I'll be easier wi' the lad; I'll no' ruin him," Silas cried in a terror-stricken voice. "Zee," he continued, fumbling with trembling fingers in the lining of his cap, "zee, here be the letter. I ain't never showed it to Varmer Pigott, though I've had a mort o' temptation. Take it, Anne, lay it afore the Almighty—the lad can't witness agin me then."

He pressed the letter into her hand and her fingers closed upon it with the stiff grip of death. Her eyes turned back in their sockets, leaving only the white exposed: she opened her lips—a curious sound, half gurgle, half rattle, forced itself between them, and she fell forward on her face—dead.

He bent over and shook the prostrate form. "Testify, testify!" he shrieked.

She paid no heed to him.

Then he tried to take the letter from her; but she would neither give it up nor witness for him.

The uncanny and terrible adventures of the letter do not end there, for the "layer-out," Sarah Emmett, gets it, and, because Phoebe once laughed at her, takes it to Farmer Pigott. The episode is closed with a tragedy.

The coward's character is seized and drawn with a perfection which is at once relentless and exquisite. You have here realism of the sternest and most delicate. But we do not know that the coward is better done than the other inhabitants of the village. Phoebe, with her essential purity and her passionate clinging to this shabby figure of a man, is a memorable and beautiful creation. Trustgore and Sarah Emmett are two of the gauntest, most sinister and forbidding persons that we remember. The author has, indeed, brought out with singular force and effect the superstitious and graveyard side of the Devonshire peasantry. In particular, the prophetic conversations of Sarah Emmett are to be noticed for their dark and suggestive terrors. The whole book is dark, overcast, with gleams shooting through it.

In a novel where style and matter have an equal distinction, we have only one fault to find. Call it a quasi-fault. To our mind, *On Trial* is scarcely a novel. It is a short story elongated, and elongated a trifle too much. Towards the middle of it, one might urge that an inevitable climax was not being approached with sufficient directness. The incidents cease for a time to be indispensable. Smollett (who was a great man) once wrote: "A novel is a large and diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in groups . . ." &c. We think much of the importance of that phrase "large and diffused." It seems to us to touch the essence of the matter. *On Trial* is neither large nor diffused. It is an episode. Dan loses a letter, and tries to keep it back from a certain destination; but it reaches the destination. That is all. The mere letter is too continuously prominent. You can't write a novel about the adventures of a letter. It is a short story.

Yet there is enough stuff in this short story for half-a-dozen six-shilling novels. Only reviewers know how excessively rare is this quality of plenteous inspiration, and how delightful the sense of security which it induces in those who spend their lives in watching fountains trying not to run dry.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## THE SLAVE.

BY R. S. HICHENS.

An experiment in *diablerie* by the author of *An Imaginative Man*. The central figure is a beautiful girl whose absorbing passion is for jewels, and about her flit a diamond merchant, a musician, and other persons of latter-day London. In effect the book has something of the fantastic weirdness of the *Arabian Nights*. One of the most gruesome burglaries and struggles that we remember is to be found in Chapter XXXII. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## THE BARRYS.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

A brisk, genial story of young people in Ireland, by the author of *Ring o' Rushes*. In the first chapter we meet a charming ferry girl. "Her shoulders were broad, her head well-poised, and she ran with the freedom and grace of a deer. She wore a brown linsey skirt, . . . an old, discoloured jacket, . . . and over her hair, which was gathered behind into a coarse, black knot, a man's tweed cap." She rowed like a man and had the brogue of an angel. (Harper. 6s.)

## PABO THE PRIEST.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Mr. Baring-Gould's last book, published a month ago, was a collection of short stories of modern Devonshire. His new one is an historical tale of Wales in the reign of Henry I. It tells of Henry's attempt to subjugate the Welsh clergy, of whom Pabo was one of the mightiest. The last chapter deals with the loss of the White Ship. (Methuen. 6s.)

## WINE ON THE LEES.

BY J. A. STEUART.

Mr. Steuart, leaving such subjects as he dealt with in his *Minister of State*, here presents us with a polemic against drink. "I infer," says one character, "it's no longer true good wine needs no bush." "And you infer rightly," said Mr. MacTor with emphasis, "God bless my soul! it needs a whole forest of bushes—most seductively arranged." Mr. Steuart's purpose is serious. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY F. R. STOCKTON.

The new fantastic serio-comic story by the author of *The Lady or the Tiger?* The Vizier, who had the gift of everlasting life, eventually became Mr. Crowder, a modern American, and meeting Mr. Stockton, told his strange story. "Have you had many wives?" Mr. Stockton asked him. "That is a subject," he replied, "of which I think as little as I can." (Cassell. 6s.)

## RESOLVED TO BE RICH.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

This novel by the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket* is well described by its title. And the moral of the story is unobtrusively patent on every page—if we may put it so. Thus: "Their love of money becomes gradually absorbed into a passion for money-getting, which is not only the most unhappy disease upon earth, but nearly always brings its victims into difficulties, and thence occasionally into gaol, for the simple reason that *there is a limit to the amount of money which you can get honestly.*" At the end of the story there is a liberal distribution of sentences of penal servitude. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

## SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

A collection of eight exciting stories "of Fra Giovanni, the Soldier-Monk of Venice, and of others in the 'Silent City.'" The frontispiece represents one gentleman on a table, another boring into his chest with an auger, and three more standing by. The author's name is sufficient guarantee that the work is sensational. (Pearson. 6s.)

## COMETHUP.

BY TOM GALLON.

Comethup is the name of the hero. He received the name from a somewhat Dickensian protector when left an orphan in the first chapter. At the mother's grave the words "He cometh up . . . like a flower" occurred and recurred to him; and wishing that the baby's name should have a memory of the mother in it, he decided on "Comethup." A pretty, sentimental book. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

BY E. NESBIT.

A lady, who is best known for her poetry, here enters the lists of historians of child life, and gives us the adventures of the Bastable children in search of a fortune. Incidentally we meet with a juvenile paper containing this anxious request: "*Legal answer wanted.*" A quantity of excellent string is offered if you know whether there really is a law passed about not buying gunpowder under thirteen." (Unwin. 6s.)

## THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.

BY BARONESS E. ORCZY.

An exciting story of plots and plotters in Vienna, culminating in the sale of the candlesticks in a London auction-room. Candlesticks, it seems, can be used not only for their original purpose, but as receptacles for secret papers; hence this book. The emperor was Franz Joseph I. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

## THE SCARLET WOMAN.

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

A book for Dissenters according to pattern. Ladies who pass the collection box and mothers who "meet" will buzz around it with Protestant tremors. The illustrations are also quite the thing. Under one we read: "Nothing seemed impossible to Lancaster." He is merely carrying a live nun down a ladder in the dead of night. (Bowden. 6s.)

## PATHS OF THE DEAD.

BY HUME NISBET.

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BY SARAH TYTLER.

The honeymooners were the Rev. Allan Farquharson and Tina, his wife, and the eclipse was the result of insufficient knowledge of each other. It began in a small way, and led to a separation, but at the end of the book they are united again. The work has a pleasant undercurrent of quiet humour. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

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BY COLONEL HARCOURT.

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BY OWEN HALL.

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BY BESSIE DILL.

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BY A. QUARRY.

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## GLEN INSCH.

BY MRS. CORBALIS.

A Highland love story laid in a salmon-river glen owned by Sir Andrew MacInsch, a miser, who counts his gold by the light of one candle and stints his children. (Moran & Co. 1s. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## "Boy, only Boy."

"It's not brutality," murmured little Hartopp, as though answering a question no one had asked. "It's boy; only boy."—STALKY & Co.

QUITE possibly "boy" is about to be widely exploited in fiction. He seems to be in the air. Through the literary press there runs that obscure rumour of him which to the initiated may presage a boom. At any moment we might receive the announcement that he is formally "discovered"—using the term in the special literary slang sense. The only outward and obvious sign of this probable movement is the almost simultaneous appearance of two "boy" books, by two leading novelists who have not hitherto been over and above addicted to the study of schools. We refer, of course, to Mr. Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *The Human Boy*. But the actual publication of a book is often only the last of a series of symptoms. Never forget the magazines. For ourselves, we are inclined to go back three years in order to find the beginning of "boy." It was in October, 1896, that a story by Mr. Phillpotts, called "The Piebald Rat," appeared in the *Idler*. If a "boy" movement does set in, that particular tale must be deemed the inception of it. Perhaps it gained little attention. Nevertheless, it was remarkable, for it was a realistic study of "boy," and of a very curious side of "boy"—the superstitious side of him. Broadly speaking, it may be said with confidence that "boy" is not superstitious—he would not understand what the word meant—but superstition may occasionally seize him unawares, with the strangest results, and Mr. Phillpotts has found a case equally convincing and (in a subtle sort of way) uncanny. We regard "The Piebald Rat" as one of the few essentially serious examinations of schoolboyish idiosyncrasy yet attempted. Here let us not be suspected of imagining that Messrs. Kipling and Phillpotts invented the schoolboy. We know our *Lord Ormont*, and though boys are not of the essence of it, we put the first chapter—that fine fragment—among the sparse masterpieces of "boy." And we do not forget *Tom Brown*, nor *Vice Versa*, nor *The Kindness of the Celestial*. Least of all do we forget *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*. But of these (the Meredith excepted) every one has been written either for the taste of boys, or with a facetious intention. We are not aware of a single book chiefly about boys previous to 1899 which is soberly aimed at adults. There are men who, not having read it in youth, can enjoy *Tom Brown*, but they enjoy it by virtue of the boy which is in them; it is not serious fiction. We admit that Mr. Phillpotts's recent book is not, on the whole, serious fiction either. Its intention is plainly humorous, and truth is stretched to that end. Still, it contains "The Piebald Rat," and it contains other lapses into the sternness of genuine realism. It is a sign.

Now *Stalky & Co.*, we are convinced, is put forward entirely as genuine realism. It may be humorous, but that is an accident. It is meant with exactly as much sincerity as *The Man Who would be King* is meant. It is Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy." Of that we feel sure: just as sure as we feel that Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy" is

magnificently wrong, superbly and glitteringly untrue. The fact is, that in *Stalky & Co.* Mr. Kipling has yielded up his secret. And his secret is, that he has never ceased to be a boy. When he sat down to write *Stalky & Co.* he had not to divest himself of manhood. That strange alchemy of the imagination which metamorphoses the artist at the artist's will was not necessary. His extraordinary memory had merely to seize the proud visions of the past. The boy had remained, and the mature writer was happy to serve the boy by unscrupulously glorifying the boy's ideals. To the devil with truth, probability, possibility, justice! To the devil with everything that might mar the ancient ideals, constructed when the world was not too much with us! And so you get the *Stalky* trio: monsters of ingenuity, resource, retort, learning, invincibility, and determination; angels of light in that they never once fell away from the rectitude of their own codes! They are great, they may arouse enthusiasm; but they are not boys. And though they have the realism which of right belongs to whatever the artist has passionately seen, they have no other realism.

The case of Mr. Phillpotts is diametrically opposed. In him the writer desiring to write is uppermost. Accustomed to regard the universe as "copy," he comes across "boy," and instinctively says: "Here is material." He approaches "boy," and observes it. But he observes from the outside. To him "boy" is not, as with Mr. Kipling, something special. It ranges side by side with other matters of interest to the novelist—such as the bucolic, the marine, the criminal, the senile, the various feminines. He holds no brief for a particular sort of boy, nor for any boy. He is impartial, aloof, calm. He wants the material—only for humour, as it happens—and he gets it. He gets it partly from his observation of character, but more from his surprising faculty for the invention of illustrative incident. In this detail he differs sharply from Mr. Kipling, who does not care to invent; witness the hackneyed poison-sucking episode which disfigures "A Little Prep." Mr. Kipling, having his incident, will embroider it to dazzle; Mr. Phillpotts, having his incident, will give it you plain, relying on its freshness and his ability to continue inventing. Mr. Phillpotts, though he is less forceful, because less interested, is certainly nearer to life than Mr. Kipling. You can recognise his boys, despite the fact that he frequently exaggerates in order to provide fun—fun being avowedly his first aim. We wish that he would one day allow the author of *Children of the Mist* to write a book about boys. The result might be quite notable, if tales like "The Piebald Rat" and "Corkey Minimus" (as to parts of it) may be taken as an indication of what that author would do if Mr. Phillpotts the humorist would let him.

"The more I know of boys," said Prooshian Bates, "the less do I profess myself capable of following their moods." And indeed the first novelist who studies them dispassionately and scientifically, as Flaubert studied the provincial middle-class woman, may as well, while he is about it, devote his whole life to the affair. He will have his reward of astonishing discovery in an almost virgin field. It will be his part to cast away every theory of "boy," and begin by collecting and collating facts. That many of these facts will appear beyond belief is certain, seeing that such meagre, obvious "boy"-lore as is already ascertained borders on the incredible. Consider the boy's amazing capacity for chopping up his existence into moments—each, as it were, a watertight compartment. You may safely work a boy to the verge of death with "extra-tu," sure that the minute he enters the playground he will have forgotten what a book looks like. The quality is most precious, but it has its defect, since it renders him incapable of "carrying on" by his own unaided impulse. He would seldom see a thing through. This is where *Stalky & Co.* disclose their unusualness. With them, to undertake is to finish, and in the meantime

never to forget. Another strange point is, that there is nothing hurts a schoolboy's feelings more than articulate adult sympathy. He loathes all "jaw," but most of all he loathes the "jaw" of the well-intentioned, sympathetic master—such as Mr. Prout. Under continued "jaw" the schoolboy gets uneasy, and he will end by "chaffing." The relations between Prout and his house constitute, perhaps, the truest portion of *Stalky & Co.* On the other hand, he likes discipline if it be stiff. But (another curiosity) the disciplinarian should be genial. The boy loves a discreet geniality. When you cane or give lines you mustn't laugh, you mustn't exhibit the most trifling excitement; you must be calmly and coldly genial. Yet a third mysterious trait of "boy" is his unerring instinct for divining all the complicated secret difficulties of those who rule him, and taking his advantage therefrom. He has never been told, but he knows precisely why an under-master won't appeal to the Head, and precisely at what moment the under-master, choosing the lesser of two evils, may be relied on to do violence to his inclination in that respect. With what accuracy he will estimate a new master, and balancing the new master against the Head, and the Head against that Parental Interference which has grown so much of late, will create a policy to meet the situation! "Boy" is always a great statesman. It is his statesmanship, coupled with the plethora of unemployed teachers, that resolves many schools into a battlefield of diplomacy, in which the boys and the Head are pitted against the under-masters. Compare *Stalky & Co.* To our mind a characteristic stranger than any we have mentioned is the attitude of "boy" towards ill-health. He can understand sickness in a woman, and he can understand it in himself. You may sit by his bedside and tell tales (if you are fool enough), and he would be grateful were it not that "boy" never is grateful. But fall "seedy" yourself, and insist on your seediness, and he will drop you as a hopeless puzzle. He is psychically incapable of believing that a grown man can be unwell. Even your death would only baffle him. Then there are the relations between boys and girls, and between boys' schools and girls' schools. It is certain that even small boys can "spoon" with and get passionately fond of small girls. Look at Tom Sawyer. More than one critic has said that Tom's love affairs are a mawkish blot on a masterpiece. We think not. We have known affairs quite as serious and impassioned in real life; but in love there is "boy" and "boy." Schools may be divided under three heads: the small private school, where girls are usually scorned, and the mere presence of a girl causes discomfort; the larger private school, where the number of bigger boys induces a more tolerant mind and a great deal of innocent flirting, accomplished with pride and pleasure at every opportunity; the public school, where, to put the thing briefly, the boys are men.

Yes, it is clearly apparent that the serious novelist of "boy" will have a task of terrifying difficulty. But sooner or later the courageous, enthusiastic man will come along. Perhaps, despite the indications of a "boom," his veritable hour is not yet. Perhaps, nay certainly, the public is not quite ready to hear the exact truth about its beloved schoolboys. The author who published it, say, next week, would have a reception compared to which the original reception of Ibsen was an ecstatic welcome. But time passes, and freedom broadens down, and we arrive ultimately at the most distant horizons. Meanwhile, "boy" will not change; "boy" is changeless.

I AM hungry. I am cold. So much the better. I suffer what the people are suffering. Decidedly horse is not good for me. Yet I ate some. It gives me the gripes. I avenged myself at dessert with the following distich:

Mon dîner m'inquiète et même me harcèle,  
J'ai mangé du cheval et je songe à la selle.

Victor Hugo's *Memoirs: The Siege of Paris.*

## Over-Writing.

THE Worshipful Company of Phrase-Makers has become a prosperous guild since its formation, some ten years ago, under the tuition of a strong and dominant personality. Writing ill was proscribed, a nucleus was formed, and a weekly journal became the Bible of the new school. In many respects it was a good school, though like all good things it has been overdone. If most of our young authors have nothing to say, they are agreed as one man to say it curiously. What is needed is matter as distinct from manner, brains as distinct from taste. And as the deficiency of matter is made up one would wish to see the excess of manner toned down. This does not mean that when great themes arrive style will deteriorate; it means that when great themes arrive, style will become sturdy and direct. It was ever so. There is an eternal see-saw relation between matter and style. Too little matter, too much style, and *vice versa*. But just as a see-saw may come to a stop twixt *see* and *saw* (boys know the awkward poise that baulks enjoyment when the weights are too equal), so in literature you may find a baffling (but not unhelpful) inertia caused by a want of relation between style and matter. The matter may be excellent, but the style may hold it in dreary thrall.

To drop metaphors, I find this curious, unprofitable poise in a novel I have just laid down; and the fact and the details seem worth noting. Mr. Bernard Capes's story, *Our Lady of Darkness*, is so good in substance that one could weep for its sins of style. Mr. Capes gives, and takes away. The story is concerned with secondary effects of the French Revolution. We see those effects in Paris, in London, and in a small village near Liège. The human material on which the fitful lightnings play is varied and interesting. There is a palsied, be-rouged, amorous English peer that Thackeray could not have drawn with surer touches: "At no period of his life had he so realised his ideal of existence as when, upon his seventy-seventh year, he found himself false—inside and out—from top to toe." There is St. Denys, a fatuous Flemish squire—political hypocrite and hypocritical lover; Théroigne Lambertine—full-blooded village belle and Parisian she-devil; the fragile Nicette—village saint and murderess; and for hero, Edward Murk perfecting himself in hardy English graces of character under our eyes. What, then, is wrong with *Our Lady of Darkness*?

Just this: it is over-written. It is fretted and fogged by a style that must give the average reader as much pause as Gothic lettering. That Mr. Capes is enrolled of the Phrase-Makers we knew, but he has run ahead of the craft, and is weaving strange fabrics in the wilderness. He is nobly infatuated with rare words and exotic similes. He justifies Costard's satire: "Remuneration! Oh, that's the Latin word for three-farthings. . . . Remuneration, why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word." However, I hope to see Mr. Capes sell out of his present style and buy literary tact. That is all he needs to be a very fine novelist. As it is, he forgets his reader in his subject, and is so intent on collecting that he forgets to convey. He deposits jewels in your sight and walks off. He does not so much write for you as he permits you to see him write. This is magnificent, but it is not literature.

Liège at noon. Edward Murk, aristocrat and strolling artist, has surveyed the town from the hills, and is descending a hill into the market-place:

At its foot . . . he seemed to come upon the actual furnace floor of noon—a broad *Place* that bickered, as it were, throughout its length with iridescent embers. These were figured in crates of Russian cranberries glowing like braziers, in pomegranates' bleeding fire, in burning globes of oranges, in apricots pearly-pink as balls of white-hot glass; and over all, the long looped awnings of olive and stone-blue and cinnamon served to the emphasising of



such a galaxy of hot dyes as made a core of flame in the heart of the blazing city. The close air prickled with a multitudinous patter of voices like blisters of fat breaking on a grill.

This is over-written. The intentions are excellent, and so are the materials, but there is a want of tact toward the reader. The bickering of iridescent embers is a phrase that stops and confuses him at the outset. We should have been inducted more gently, more gradually, into the description, which, however, is still terribly overloaded with "pearly pink balls of white-hot glass" (objects which not one reader in ten thousand can visualise), "hot dyes" "core of flame," and the amazing simile that recalls a kitchen in Gower-street. We are not told in what exact expression Edward vented his impatience with these meteorological conditions. Probably he followed a celebrated preacher and muttered, "It's damned hot"; all we are told is that, "exhaling some little of the breath that remained to him in an appropriately volcanic interjection, Ned mounted the steps of the church . . . and dived into the sequestered obscurity of amber-scented aisles," where (wonderful city!) "the immediate fall of temperature took him by the throat like a shower bath."

In this church is a girl, kneeling before a shrine. The effect of the light upon her form is described:

She was very pure and colourless, apart from an accidentalism of tinted rays; for over her soft brown hair, from which a folded chaperon of white linen had slipped backwards, wings of parti-coloured light, entering through a stained window, played like butterflies. Lower down, the violet haze that slept upon her cheek gave her something of a phantasmal character; but her fingers were steeped in crimson as if they were bloody.

The description of this girl's fingers, "as if they were bloody," merely shocks the reader, who must turn two hundred pages to find that this phrase is symbolical and prophetic of Nicette's crime. But he need turn only thirty pages to find Nicette's fingers treated in another vein:

She was skimming cream from a broad pan with her fingers. The tips of these budded through the white, like nibs of rhubarb through melting snow.

This simile is absolutely bad. It is like producing a rabbit from a hat. It is no office of a simile to startle, or to exhibit a writer's cleverness, but graciously to interpret one idea by another. And mere resemblance between two remote things is no test of the aptness of the simile in which these things may be suddenly allied by a literary athlete. In fact, the simile which springs from unusual information in the author, and presumes it in the reader, should be charily used. It would be quite wrong to say that it must be *never* used. To forbid a writer to trawl the deeps of speech for new locutions would be absurd. Only—he must use tact. When Edward Murk leaves the social kitchen of the Landlust Inn at Mericourt and retires to his bed we are told:

In the distance the voices of his late companions droned like hornets in a bottle.

Now this simile is better. Its unexpectedness is not too acute, its call on the reader's knowledge is not exorbitant, and to the imagination it is distinctly apt and satisfactory. Again, one accepts a simile on page 84. The girls, Théroigne Lambertine and Nicette, are talking, each with a hot heart, about the Englishman. When Théroigne tells Nicette that Murk has left the village for Paris and will not return until the spring, the poor girl comes round to her "with a face like hard ivory." This simile does its work without fuss; it is brief, natural, effective. It is the antithesis of one in which Mr. Capes describes the attitude of a waitress who is rebuked by Mark for her pertness:

The girl stood as solid on end as a pocket of hops.

Here we are back to parlour magic. We are also—by implication—twitted with never having been inside an oast.

The truth is, that Mr. Capes cannot—at present—be trusted to write quietly about quiet things. He reminds me of a player who is excellent in speech and action, but retains the amateur's vice of restlessness when it is his turn for silence. It is a fatal thing for one of Mr. Capes's characters to pause or wait in any little act or process. If he does so for a moment, Mr. Capes goes into contortions of by-play and description where such entertainments are not wanted, or are wanted only in moderation. An example occurs on page 131, where Murk has returned from Paris and again approaches the chateau.

He stood a minute before passing through the gates. The warmth of a windless night still slept in the velvety eyes of the roadside flowers. Morning was heaping off its bed-linen of glistening clouds. From a chestnut-tree came the drowsy drawl of a yellow-hammer. A robin—small, fashionable idler of birds—abandoned the problem of a fibrous seed and, flickering to a stump, discussed the stranger impertinently and with infinite society relish. Only the swifts were alert and busy, flashing, poisoning, diving under the eaves; thridding Ned's brain as they passed with a receding sound like that made by pebbles hopping over ice; seeming, in their flight of warp and woof, to be mending the pace set by the loitering day. Feeling their activity a rebuke, the visitor passed through the open gate.

There is really nothing in the context to justify this descriptive passage. I say nothing of the allusions to velvety eyes and bed-linen, and the simile of pebbles on ice to describe the sound of receding swifts on a hot day.

Again, it is reasonable that when Murk is put to wait for his first meal in the "show-kitchen" of the "Landlust," he should look round on its Flemish interior, and that Mr. Capes should tell to us what Murk—an artist—saw. The likening of the kitchen to a bright toy is good, and we welcome the "polished, dark dresser vessels" and the "lidded flagons, and the narrow-necked, wood-stoppered, resonant jugs"; but I rise in some alarm when I am told that the fireless stove was "a shining, cold example of continence." Next morning Murk has to wash in a basin of pie-dish dimensions, so he "fretted out an ablation that was a mere aggravation of drought." This is otiose, as is the sentence:

He worked out the sum of argument very coolly and carefully; and the result, condensed from many germinant postulates, showed itself arithmetically inevitable.

To do Mr. Capes justice, the last two examples of his style are hardly typical. There is usually method in his madness. His anxiety to do everything well is beyond praise, but it leads him astray. Take even this description of a cottage:

It was sunk in a bosket of evergreens; built of luffer-boards that gaped in many places; and its roof of flaking tiles was all sown with buttons of moss.

Now this is an accurate description. If Mr. Capes had spared his readers the unfamiliar word "bosket"—which is not at all essential—and had called the roof simply a tiled roof, then he (the reader) would have had leisure to find in the "luffer-boards" and the "buttons of moss" the rightness and inevitability which these words really harbour. Mr. Capes is in all things too zealous. He has knowledge, and he has words, and he can use both, but he forgets that a reader's receptivity is a pint pot. If he will only remember this, he will do. This is a good novel spoiled by phrase-making.

Z.

January 17.—The bombardment has been going on for three nights and three days without cessation. Little Jeanne was cross with me because I would not let her play with the works of my watch. All the newspapers publish my verses, "Dans le Cirque." They may be useful.

Victor Hugo's *Memoirs: Siege of Paris*.

## Dreyfus and the Old Testament Hokhmah.

IN a recent number of the ACADEMY we asked for mottoes to be printed on the title-page of a history of the Dreyfus Case. In that marvellous monument of Hebrew poetry and religious philosophy, the Book of Job, there are at least two good mottoes for a Dreyfus book.

With every desire to be both just and generous to Captain Dreyfus, one is bound to deny that he is, in any reasonable sense of the words, either martyr or confessor—he was not called on to die for his faith, or made to suffer for the maintenance of any lofty principle. He was a victim, a sufferer unjustly at the hands, as appears, of wicked and unscrupulous men. If a parallel is to be sought from history or literature, the comparison should be neither with Admiral Byng nor with Jesus Christ. Dreyfus is a (happily living) incarnation of the problem that perplexed so many generations of his pious forefathers, the problem of the *Hokhmah*—why God, their God, a just God, should so often let the wicked prosper and cause or allow the innocent to suffer. The Book of Job is the most impressive presentment of the problem, and, if it does not solve it, gives us the last word the Old Testament has to say to troubled Jews and Christians.

One verse (chap. xxxi., ver. 35) has a quite startling relevancy, not at first apparent, to the case of Dreyfus, the sentence which in the Authorised Version runs: "Oh that . . . mine adversary had written a book!"—a clause too often cited as if it might really be the prayer of a malignant literary critic seeking a chance of vengeance on an enemy who thus gave hostages to fortune. We all know that this is one of the many unlucky renderings of the A.V.; but do not always remember that in the Revised Version it reads: "O that . . . I had the indictment mine adversary hath written!" Might not Dreyfus speak so of the Secret Dossier, the real indictment?

The parallel between Job and Dreyfus is, of course, not exact: Dreyfus, for example, seems to have been much more fortunate in his wife and friends. Job's wife may or may not have believed him to be an innocent sufferer, but her advice was far from encouraging. "Curse God and die" some commentators think meant "Renounce this God, and end your misery by suicide"—the very thing his wife's love kept Dreyfus from attempting. *The Adversary*, the Satan, had leave to afflict Job beyond endurance first in his property, then in his person, but failed to tempt him from duty: even after his wife's evil counsel Job sinned not, neither charged God foolishly. But when his three friends, convinced without a scrap of evidence that Job must be guilty, exasperated him with the pious platitudes he rejected so unceremoniously, the patriarch, heretofore really patient, lost temper and charged God very vehemently, if not foolishly, upbraiding Him with injustice. He not merely insisted, in general terms and repeatedly, on his own absolute innocence, his perfect life and stainless character (assertions so unlike the confessions of a succession of psalmists), but, after reciting all the iniquities he had *not* committed, iniquities such as, had he been guilty of them, would have rendered him justly liable to some measure of punishment and suffering, he confidently demanded to be told what was the crime or guilt with which he was charged.

Verses 35, 36, 37 of chapter xxxi. are thus translated in the Revised Version:

Oh that I had one to hear me!  
(Lo, here is my signature, let the Almighty answer me;)  
And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written!  
Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder;  
I would bind it unto me as a crown.  
I would declare unto him the number of my steps;  
As a prince would I go near unto him.

Mr. Montefiore, in the recently published second volume of his most admirable *Bible for Home Reading*, gives, like Prof. A. B. Davidson, whom he often follows, a substantially similar rendering (the critical clause being with him "Oh that . . . I had the charge which mine adversary hath written!"); and he thus interprets, long before the trial at Rennes, the purport of Job's contention:

Job abruptly implores God to hear him. He has now, as it were, handed in his plea and signed it. Let God reply. He does not fear God's charge. Let the indictment be produced. He wants to know it. He would even welcome it. In the pride and certainty of his innocence he would bind God's indictment upon his brow, and, crowned and garlanded like a prince, he would draw near to God in the full confidence of victory. He would seek to conceal no incident of his past, not a single one of all his steps in the path of life. Thus Job's last words sound a note of triumph.

Job had sounded a note of triumph in an earlier chapter of the book (xix. 25-27), which again admirably expresses Captain Dreyfus' attitude—although again, oddly enough, it requires a more accurate translation than that of the Jacobean translators to bring out the sense. We shall take, first, that of Mr. Montefiore himself, who, thus cautiously following Prof. Budde, renders a famous, but admittedly difficult and probably corrupt, passage in the Hebrew text:

But I know that my Vindicator liveth;  
And at the last (?) he shall appear upon the ground; (?)  
And . . .  
And from out my flesh (?) I shall see God,  
Whom I shall see to mine own good,  
And mine eyes shall see him and not as one estranged. (??)

The dots and queries are Mr. Montefiore's, and indicate his unwillingness to force a meaning. But by some little emendation of the Hebrew, Prof. Cheyne gets a sense which suits the present case almost as well as Job's:

But I know that my Avenger lives,  
And that at last he will appear above (my) grave;  
My witness will bring to pass my desire,  
And a curse will take hold of my foes.  
My inner man is consumed with longing.  
For ye say, How (keenly) we will persecute him!  
Have terror because of the sword,  
For (God's) anger falls on the unjust.

This is, of course, the famous and debated passage about the *Goel*, which, in the Authorised Version, begins, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and gets a tolerably complete but wholly unauthorised sense by the interpolation of the words *worms, body, &c.* The Revised Version keeps "redeemer" (with a small "r"), but gives "vindicator" as alternative. There seems little doubt that vindicator, or avenger, is the true sense; and it is surely interesting to be able, with a good conscience, to envisage M. Zola as, for this time at least, fulfilling the function of the Old Testament *Goel*.

Let us hope that Captain Dreyfus' ultimate fate, long before his death, may justify the fullest confidence he can cherish or the Book of Job convey; but that if he should not succeed in making his innocence clear as the day to all Europe, and secure the complete restoration of his honour as soldier and citizen, he may at least enjoy peace, health, a good conscience, and such temporal well-being as the Epilogue gave to the Man of Uz.

Silas Marner, too, had to face and endure a baseless and shameful charge, an unfair trial, and a cruel and monstrous conviction, and, after all, to live it down, how successfully and tranquilly, in patient, gentle, loving work for others, we must all remember. But even at the end the best his kindest neighbours could say to him was: "It's the will o' Them above as a many things should remain dark to us. . . . You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."



## Studies in Contemporary Style.

## II.—Split Phrases.

As "J. W. K." notes in his letter published last week, the infinitive is not the only phrase which is split occasionally. Frequently the indicative is treated with similar familiarity. It is so this week in a letter by the Poet Laureate published in the *Times*. Here is the sentence:

*Though I cannot in the least agree with you in what you much too partially say in your letter of October 6, I feel I ought not to neglect the opportunity, however slight it may be, of inducing your countrymen to pronounce a fairer verdict on the conduct of the English Government, and to form a more just estimate of the policy of the English people.*

In that sentence the Poet Laureate splits two phrases: in the least splits the first; *much too partially* splits the second. Thus, "J. W. K." has a considerable authority for his theory that he is at liberty to split the indicative when the sense of euphony tempts him to do so. Authority, however, is one of the elements in judgment about style of which it behoves the student to be suspicious. Addison is reputed to be a master of English style; but it is possible to show that he errs in grammar almost in every page. Addison has charm; but charm is one thing, and grammar is another. The Poet Laureate has force and eloquence; but those are qualities about which the grammarian has something to say only when they intoxicate a writer's sense of syntax. The intoxication is noticeable in the sentence which has been quoted: *in the least* splits the indicative without adding either to the meaning or to the force of the sentence; *much too partially*, which splits the other phrase, denotes an idea which is misplaced. The sentence should have begun thus:

*Though I cannot agree with you in what you say, too generously, in your letter of October 6,*

Mr. Austin's rhetoric would not have lost anything if it had been put with grammatical propriety. Similarly, "J. W. K.'s" diction would not lose either in grace or in appeal if, instead of saying *I heartily thank my Heavenly Father*, he said *I thank my Heavenly Father heartily*.

Here let it be noted that the temptation to split the indicative by an adverb usually arises from lack of perception that the idea which the adverb expresses is useless. If "J. W. K." did not thank his Heavenly Father heartily, he would not thank Him at all. Frequently students of style will discover, on careful analysis, that when they have written a sentence in which there is a split indicative they have done so, with the Poet Laureate and "J. W. K.," because they were encumbered by a superfluous idea.

A danger which besets the pen of a writer who splits the indicative is exemplified, opportunely, by a note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

*We were aware that Her Majesty's Government would, in no circumstances, accept the help of native allies.*

As in no circumstances is parenthetical, one is entitled, in studying style, to read the sentence with the words left out; and then the sentence expresses the opposite of what the writer means.

The split indicative can be justified in poetry; but it is not necessary in prose. In prose, however, it is much less offensive than the split infinitive. Neither the split indicative nor the split infinitive can be called ungrammatical; but each is a violence to the sense of style. Sometimes, being unnoticed, the split indicative is less outrageous than the other vulgarism, which is as great an outrage in all cases as would be the bearing of a man who should wear a red necktie at a lady's evening party.

E. H.

## Things Seen.

## Ingratitude.

It was in a crowded tramcar in Berlin, about half-past five on a winter's afternoon. Opposite me sat a stout woman in a white apron, and next her a thinnish girl struggling to keep some eels in a net.

Suddenly the thinnish girl raised her voice:

"What about your daughter, Frau Schmidt?"

The stout woman turned and looked at her curiously.

"Are you asking after my daughter?" she asked.

"Yes; how is she?"

The other one shrugged her shoulders. "You know how ill she was, don't you?" The thin girl nodded. Her companion seemed not to have noticed the nod and repeated the question: "You know how ill she was?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, we had the doctor"—she sat with her hands spread upon her ample knees, her round black eyes fixed unseeingly upon the window. "He said: 'Nourishing food.' I said: 'You mean—?' He said: 'Fresh meat every day, soup made of meat, eggs, milk.'" She ticked off the different articles of food with her left hand on her right, beginning with the little finger. She paused.

"And—?" drawing out the one word till it sounded like a whole sentence.

"When she got no better I said to the doctor: 'She don't seem to relish her food much.' 'He said—?' she broke off and gazed slowly and comprehensively at an over-dressed Jewess who entered at that moment, rustling in silken skirts and flashing light from her earrings as she seated herself. The stout woman nudged her neighbour, and they both stared fixedly at the newcomer, leaning forward to obtain a better view of her.

"And the doctor said—, Frau Schmidt?" queried the thin girl.

"The doctor said: 'Give your daughter anything she likes: chicken, rice, fish, fruit, veal, red wine. And she had them *all*, whatever she liked: chicken, rice, fish, veal, fruit, red wine, and—champagne.'" Her voice grew louder, more emphatic, and at last almost reproachful. "And what does my daughter do?" she asked, turning square round and facing her neighbour, her hands still aloft after again ticking off the viands, the thinnish girl agape with expectation. "What does she do?" the stout woman reiterated, answering her own question with a resounding slap of her thigh. "She dies."

## The Elixir of Youth.

THE innkeeper at Yvoir ushered us, with fatherly solicitude, into a long room stifled with the heat of stove and lamp. He was an old man, but in his narrow eyes, in the infinity of his wrinkles, in all his gestures, there was such a quicksilver animation that every bit of him seemed a-twinkle. He served the dishes of pallid meat and glowing omelette himself, aided by his son, a heavy, stupid-looking young man, with smooth face polished a dull brown melting imperceptibly into the shaven hair. An open piano stood at one end of the long table, and whenever the young man passed the instrument he struck a few discords on the notes. My friend was amazed at this aggressive display of boorishness, and regarded the young man with undisguised indignation. Thereby he was prompted on the next occasion to strike with his free hand a harsher clatter on the piano. The father, happening to be in the room at the same time, stooped over to my friend, and beaming with pride and kindness, whispered "Il joue: il est jeune."

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### "Melibœus in London."

The announcement of a new volume of essays by the late Mr. James Payn reminds me of a little collection of brightly written sketches of his which was issued as far back as 1862, under the title of *Melibœus in London*. This book is not without an autobiographical interest, for the wide and peculiar knowledge it displays of London could only have been gained at first hand. Yet it has never been reprinted, and Mr. Payn used to say that its want of success was to be attributed to the fact that most of the people who would have read it were uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of Melibœus, and consequently afraid to ask for it at the libraries. *Melibœus*—which was always a favourite of its author—is one of his most characteristic writings; it is a veritable example of his high spirits, and is full of excellent stories which are told in Mr. Payn's own inimitable manner. The account of a country gentleman's visit to see the sights of London in the sixties does not in itself suggest any great fund of entertainment, yet Mr. Payn handles his subject so adroitly that in reading the book one lives for the time with tolerable pleasure in that impossible period of history of "bird's-nest" whiskers and the crinoline. What better testimony of its merit can be needed! Another interesting feature is that the book is a very worthy tribute of regard to the author's master—Charles Dickens. It is in no sense an imitation, for Payn's individuality was sufficiently strong to save him from playing the "sedulous ape," but he was not deterred from showing who taught the 'prentice hand its cunning.

J. R.

### Mr. Watson's Poems Again.

I have already indicated in what Mr. Watson's chief claim to greatness consists; but such poems as the "Ode in May" represent only one aspect of his many-sided genius. The poet has thought much and thought deeply on life's problems, especially man's origin and destiny, and the source of all things. In many of his poems these themes are alluded to; but the two most important are "The Hope of the World" and "The Unknown God." Though there is much that many will disagree with in the latter poem, all must be struck with its thoughtfulness, earnestness, and wonderful melody.

With what sympathy and insight does he write of his brother poets, of whom he claims to be the humble follower and remote kinsman:

But it was mine endeavour so to sing  
As if these lofty ones a moment stooped  
From their still spheres, and undisdainful graced  
My note with audience, nor incurious heard  
Whether, degenerate irredeemably,  
The faltering minstrel shamed his starry kin.

The reader will call to mind "Wordsworth's Grave," "Shelley's Centenary," "Lachrymæ Musarum," and "The Tomb of Burns"—poems alike worthy of their author and their themes. I cannot bring my brief remarks on Mr. Watson's poetry to a close without referring to and quoting one of his beautiful short lyrics. I feel sure that no lover of poetry who has read the following exquisite little "song"

will ever forget it. It is a flawless gem, which ought to be printed in every anthology of nineteenth century poetry:

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears.  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

H. P. WRIGHT.

### London in October.

The misty beauty of autumn has descended once more on London. The past week has given us day after day of veiled brightness, tenderest distances in the Strand, and golden tracts of space on Holborn Viaduct. The leaves are dropping at last in Lincoln's Inn, not torn by bandit winds, but falling gently on the grass. How well it is all described in Mrs. Marriott Watson's little poem:

Here, as the green leaves fade, the gold leaves fall,  
A still enchantment widens over all,  
Painting the streets with vague autumnal dyes  
Like ancient tapestries;  
Touching to fantasy unfelt before  
The motley hoardings' many-coloured lore;  
With every floating leaf, each sound that sighs,  
Seizing the sense with something subtler yet—  
The deep exhilaration of regret  
For this sweet hour that flies.

The long, barge-laden stream  
Bears on the roseate haze, the golden gleam;  
The leaves go hurrying at the light wind's call  
As to some festival.  
While we, half sorrowful, half exultant, too,  
Blown by the old year's breath to meet the new,  
Stretch forth our hands to greet we know not what  
So fair forever is the unknown lot!  
So strong the glamour of the London street,  
With dim expectancies  
Holding the heart in bondage stormy and sweet.  
Here though the dead leaves flit,  
Doubt shall not hold dominion over it,  
Nor age, nor sorrow, but sensuous sheer delight  
In the blue, lamp-hung night.

Thine are our hearts, beloved City of Mist,  
Wrapped in thy veils of opal and amethyst,  
Set in thy shrine of lapis-lazuli,  
Dowered with the very language of the sea,  
Lit with a million gems of living fire—  
London, the goal of many a soul's desire!  
Goddess and sphinx, thou hold'st us safe in thrall  
Here while the dead leaves fall.

I need not remind ACADEMY readers how well Mr. Henley has written of October in London.

SIGMA.

### Improvement by Elision.

But for your direct invitation I would not have unburdened myself of an elision I have always wanted to see made in a very fine poem—Scott's "Ballad of Rosabelle." Two or three times he repeats "lovely Rosabelle," in my judgment making such a blot on a delicate piece of work that I wonder he did not himself see his bathos. "Lovely Rosabelle" is a very feeble collocation of words in itself, the more so as the "belle" contains the lovely, and is not so amalgamated with the English as to have lost its significance. When occasionally reading the ballad, I cannot help omitting the "lovely" (even to myself), and



in the last line it is to my ear and sense perfectly unendurable, especially as you have a fascinating line without it. Scott very seldom does a very striking thing in verse: here he has done it and spoilt it by one word.

C. S. OAKLEY.

### Rudyard Kipling.

Although standing almost alone among the critics, the writer in the ACADEMY seems to me to have pronounced a true and sound verdict upon *Stalky & Co.* One hopes that it is an illusion, and yet the thought comes again and again that Mr. Kipling's later productions are by no means equal to the earlier work which made him famous. With the gain of vitality has he not lost in a serious degree his admirable art of self-restraint? Compare, for instance, these rough, ragged, almost formless sketches of boy life, with their wearying waste of dialogue leading practically nowhere, and the crisp, artistic reticence which made *Plain Tales from the Hills* almost perfect models of short stories.

Is it a fancy, too, that Mr. Kipling's humanity has waned? Where is now the kindly heart-power which one found so moving in *The Light that Failed*? Despite the brilliant technical knowledge displayed in *The Day's Work*, one sighed for a little human nature—something more spiritually satisfying than the superficial mention of things. [Mr. Jamieson forgets "William the Conqueror."] And *Stalky, M'Turk*, and *Beetle* strike one as too clever to be real, far too heartless to be convincing. Surely no boys' brains ever scintillated like theirs, and no boys' tongues ever framed such unceasing reams of slang!

HERBERT JAMIESON.

### D'Annunzio and Mr. Whiteing.

OF Mr. Richard Whiteing's delicate satire, *The Island*, in its original form, we have already recorded our opinion. But the author has recently taken it again in hand and added two chapters, and Mr. Grant Richards has just published the revised edition. The two chapters show how the hero and narrator of the story, the Person of Quality, attends a *soirée* of nations, for the especial purpose of meeting the Light of the Age, who is, we fear, no one but Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian novelist. The chief of the Symbolists was there, the chief of the Mystics, the chief of the Decadents, and so forth. But the Light of the Age tarried, and, while awaiting him, the author reflects thus:

Each group had held the public ear for but a moment, baffled by the shortness of the lobe; each saw in the other a beaten competitor, or a threatened rival. Yet, from their ecstatic allusions to the coming man, it was easy to see that each found his account in that representative figure. He stood for the union of all their dogmas; and, for each struggling conventicle, his present vogue was victory confirmed or renewed. Each had at least a sixteenth of a thirty-second part in him, so his personality might have served to illustrate the indivisibility of matter as effectually as a New River share. To the Impassive he was preciousness in its flower. To the Symbolists, he stood for the furthest conceivable range of vision through a brick wall. To the Mystics, he was moonshine in purest ray serene. To the Decadents he was scorn and loathing for the state of life to which it had pleased God to call the majority of his fellow-creatures. To the Devil-worshippers he was the epigram of mockery in a new setting.

At last the Light of the Age comes. This is the passage:

Alarums and excursions in the antechamber, a gentle tumult at the door, a sound of the friction of silk on silk, as the women press forward to form an alley of skirts for his advance. The Light of the Age is here.

A dandy of the dandies. Youth, or its perfect counterfeit, slinness, and in his make-up a glory of all those industrial lords of the bedchamber who furnish the broad-cloth and the fine linen, or whose business it is to keep a moustache for ever curled in Mephistophelian scorn, towards skies which its wearer disdains. For the rest a bold eye, a full and sensuous lip, features passably regular, and, in the whole air, an ineffable self-complacency only to be matched by the plastic abstractions of Eastern worship.

"Chère Marquise" (bending low over her hand), "have I offended? The shadow of your eyelids touches the bottom of my heart."

"From his last play," whispered the Bostonian. "What a genius for compliment!"

The Marquise. — "Cher maître!" (pardoned for a phrase).

His French was of the trans-Alpine variety. But so was Buonaparte's, yet he led a whole nation to whom his talk was as that of an organ-grinder.

The Marquise. — "Must we congratulate you on your election to the Italian Chamber, dear Poet? But why soil your winged feet in that mud of politics?"

"Yes, because I appealed to them as a poet, not as a politician. It was a new candidature, Marquise. I had my rustics all to myself, and never a word did I say to them on the contemptible questions of the hour. Nothing about the bread-tax, believe me. I spoke to them in a hall decorated with banners bearing the names of my works. I told them of the joys of being, as exemplified in those works. Listen: 'Men of my own land, in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath afternoon I would place in the hands—the gauged and sunburnt hands of the peasant, sitting beneath the oak-tree's shade, instead of a text of Scripture, one of my books.' Did I say well?"

"Magnificent!"

"Then"—forgive me if I quote myself—"his cottage of clay, his bread and water, the reaping-songs of his daughters, all these would appear more sacred in his eyes than before."

"Sublime!"

"I claimed before them the absolute superiority of the poet."

"Ah!"

"I taught them that, in the existence of a people, a grand manifestation of art is worth more than a treaty of alliance or a tributary law."

"Oh!"

The Marquise. — "Dear Master, we understand you. But, are you sure that they do? What if they felt in their degraded souls that you were condescending to the cant of our time—altruism, pity for the herd?"

The Light. — "Heaven forbid! Never for one single moment. Read my prefaces. What have I ever taught them but that power and craft are laws to themselves! A patrician order of soul has no more duties to its inferiors than it has to the beasts. A religion of love! an ethic of pity for the weak which is nothing but a system of insurance for imbeciles—what have we to do with these? Be strong, be strong!"

Mr. Whiteing's *Island*, in its new form, will, we trust, find many readers. The popularity of *No. 5, John Street* must have stimulated curiosity in the author's other work to a very considerable extent on both sides of the Atlantic.

### Australia on the War.

COME my hearties—work will stand—

Here's yer Mother calling;

Wants us all to lend a hand,

And go out Uncle-Pauling.

Catch yer nags and saddle slick!

Quick to join the banners!

Folks that treat the fam'ly thick

Must be taught their manners.

—From "*A Fam'ly Matter*," by Arthur Macquarie, quoted in the "*Times*."

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Bishop of Bloemfontein has died at the wrong moment. The representative of the Anglican Church in a diocese that covered the Orange Free State (a name that you shall find no more upon the map of South Africa), and that included Bechuanaland also and Basutoland to boot, he had a territory twice the size of England and Wales under his spiritual rule, and his capital in a city now in arms against England. Bishop John Wale Hicks had encountered difficulties in the past only to overcome them, and his words and acts would have been regarded with singular interest by the large number of friends he left behind him in England, old fellow students of science at London University, of theology at Cambridge, members of the Savile Club and the Athenæum, old parishioners of his during his twenty or so years of service at Little St. Marie's, Cambridge—a church beloved of Crashaw—and fellow-members of the English Church Union.

It was not so much in the later and ecclesiastical half of his life that the Bishop (who has died while still in the fifties) made an amazing record. He was known as a man of many degrees, and somebody said when he went to his South African diocese that, enormous as it was, the letters he was entitled to write after his name would almost reach across it. As others dread examinations, so did he love them. It hardly mattered what the subject might be, if he was a possible candidate he was a certain one; and never was he known to fail. At the age of twenty-one he took his B.A. at London University, gaining the prize for chemistry and animal physiology, with honours in vegetable physiology and structural botany. When he was twenty-two he was also gold medallist in anatomy and physiology, and he took the B.Sc. degree with honours in chemistry, logic, geology, and paleontology. A year later and he had his M.D. degree with a first-class, and gold medal in obstetric medicine. His M.D. degree and his membership of the Royal College of Physicians followed. Then he won a foundation scholarship of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where in one year he was a Senior Optime in the Mathematical and head of the Natural Science Tripos, following this up with a second-class in the Theological Tripos. A demonstrator of chemistry in the University, he then became a Fellow of Trinity, and, at the age of thirty, a candidate—successful, of course—for holy orders. Then his great interest and occupation in life was, in a manner, gone: he had no more examinations to pass. True, he was one of the examiners for the Natural Science Tripos in 1873 and 1874, and again in 1879 and 1880; and he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln from 1885 to 1892; but that was sport—mere umpireship in a contest that did not allow him to compete. A last examination before President Steyn might have been his fate had he lived; but his luck had exhausted itself, and the telegram that told of his death came almost simultaneously with that which announced the war as really begun.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England, lately a stranger to his own bench, paid a brief visit on Tuesday to his rooms at the Law Courts—the first since the sittings of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission began in Paris. With the finding of that Commission Lord Russell is entirely satisfied. It gives to Great Britain, if not so much territory as she formally claims, yet more than she had more than once officially declared her willingness to accept in the interests of peace. Lord Russell therefore regards the finding of the Commission as another triumph, not for arbitration only, but for England also. The opening of the Law Courts in a few weeks will find Lord Russell back again in his familiar place; but for how long? The

place left vacant by the death of Lord Herschell in the Alaskan Boundary business has still to be filled. For the moment a working boundary has been decided upon, but for the moment only. Between the United States and Canada and Great Britain a final settlement will have to be made without much longer delay; and it is almost equally a certainty that Lord Russell of Killowen will have to be withdrawn once more from his court to promote our international cause in Washington.

MISS SKENE, whose equestrianism on the Plains of Athens was the admiration of Greeks more than fifty years ago, has died in old age at Oxford, after a very brief illness, which was not only the last, but also nearly the first, of her long life. In her presence Prof. Jowett forgot to be cynical; she knew Landor well; also Sir Richard Church, under whom Byron sought to serve in the Greek war of Independence; but the memory she most cherished was that of her friendship with Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to her father a canto of "Marmion," and came to his house for consolation when he found himself a ruined man. Taking "his dearie" upon his knee, and telling her fairy stories, he forgot his gloom and laughed out aloud—an experience very similar to that which a living poet has recorded in monumental verse.

LORD FARRER lived long enough to be disillusioned about many things, including the policy of the Progressives on the London County Council, whose chairman he once was. Such modifications of earlier enthusiasm are perhaps proper to age, nor are they hindered by the processes that turned Mr. Farrer of the Board of Trade into Sir Thomas, and Sir Thomas into a peer. In one British institution he never lost his pride—that was the *Times* newspaper. Admirer as he was of Cobden, he could not share Cobden's reprobation of that paper, a renouncement of it and of its works that had almost the solemnity of a rite of religion. When Mr. Ruskin said that the certain course of personal deterioration was to be found in living in London and reading the *Times*, Lord Farrer laughed that those were the only two things he really cared to do, and bold would be the man who should accuse him of deterioration. He belonged to a world in which that word had no meaning—he and his Board of Trade, which was his in fact, and only in name the Ministers' at its head. True, the *Times* was always kind to Lord Farrer; it disagreed, never with him, but only with his opinions. Even to these its large type was always at service during his life; and to his praises after his death. At Balliol, Farrer was the contemporary of the late Mr. Walter and Sir George Dasent, a happy conjunction to which he always attributed one of the happiest phases of his after life.

SIR REDVERS BULLER is a general in favour with War Correspondents, still uneasy in some quarters, under the frowns of General Kitchener at Khartoum. More correspondents altogether have gone out to South Africa than have ever been placed in the field by English editors before: and of these an increased proportion are themselves military men. Mr. Winston Churchill's work in the *Morning Post*, if it is equal to his Soudan letters, will probably establish his fame in this department of special reporting; and Lord de la Warr, who has gone out for the *Globe*, has at any rate a name in keeping with his new adventures.

MANY persons will remember a work on Charles Dickens written by his secretary on his American tour, Mr. Dolby. It was, if we are not mistaken, entitled *With Charles Dickens in America*. We regret to say that Mr. Dolby is now lying ill in a London hospital.



## Correspondence.

## "Travestying Herbert Spencer."

SIR,—In the article entitled "Travestying Herbert Spencer," which appears in your last issue, the reviewer complains that by quoting a portion of a letter from Darwin to John Fiske, referring to Mr. Herbert Spencer, I have left the readers of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* "to infer that this was Darwin's first and last verdict about Spencer." The reviewer further urges that I might have appealed "from Darwin knowing little to Darwin knowing a great deal more." So doing, he says, I should have come across the "memorable letter in which, addressing Spencer, Darwin states: 'Everyone . . . ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do.'" On looking up the letters I find that this, which is supposed to emanate from "Darwin knowing much," is the earlier of the two, bearing the date June 10, 1872. Moreover, the immediate cause of the "unbounded admiration" here expressed was merely an article by Mr. Spencer in the *Contemporary Review* replying to certain strictures of Dr. Martineau on Evolution, a case in which Darwin and Mr. Spencer had common ground. The letter I quoted, and which your reviewer seems to imply came from "Darwin knowing little," is dated December 8, 1874, and seems, as a matter of fact, to have been his "last verdict about Spencer." Also, this verdict was given apropos of Fiske's *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, which is substantially a presentation of Mr. Spencer's system as a whole.—I am, &c.,

JAMES WARD.

Trin. Coll., Camb.: October 17, 1899.

## The Split Infinitive.

SIR,—If the contents of this letter have not been anticipated by anyone else, may I point out in your columns that the reason why it is grammatically inadmissible to split an infinitive is twofold: (1) because an infinitive, though expressed in our language by two or, in the passive mood and past tense, by more than two words, is one in principle and intent, as is demonstrated by analogy of the Latin—e.g., *vivere* = "to live," and *vixisse* = "to have lived"; and (2) because the infinitive is practically substantial, and as such is moreover capable of being governed by a preposition, a fact which is instilled into every public school boy who, Greek verb card in hand, has to commit to memory the quotation:

For not to have been dipped in Lethe's stream  
Could save the son of Thetis from to die.

Here "to have been dipped" is but one idea, identical with the substantive "immersion," in the nominative case; while "from to die" is equivalent to "from death," a substantive governed by a preposition.

To gather together from standard writers any amount of instances of a split infinitive does not prove that wrong is right, but only that the greatest and best of mortals are not exempt from occasional mistakes.—I am, &c.,

October 16, 1899.

AYMER VALLANCE.

## "David Harum."

SIR,—An American is often amused to see the laboured attempts recently made in England and America to account for the immense popularity of the story called *David Harum*.

*David Harum* may not be a very great work—nor do I myself so consider it—but it is one of the distressingly few books which of late years have managed to hold up a true American mirror to true American nature.

The original "David" I did not know in the flesh. But his twin brother (in Northern New Jersey) has been my trusty and intimate friend for many long moons.

I am a country Catholic priest, and, like most men of my kind, have urgent need of a first-class road-horse. My

roadsters old David's twin brother does me the honour to buy for me. And you may wager your last dollar that the horses so bought are entirely sound in wind and in limb. Nor are they, I can assure you, given to the fatal habit of stopping before time has been called.

I have read *David Harum* with infinite delight. With others it may have been otherwise.—I am, &c.,

JOHN BAXTER.

St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, New Jersey:

October 10, 1899.

## Misconceptions.

SIR,—May I add another to your store of "misconceptions"? I can remember how my young brain used to be troubled with the problem: Why could not the rich man dip his own finger into the great gulf fixed between him and Lazarus?—I am, &c.,

October 16, 1899.

C. E. H.

SIR,—I see that none of your correspondents has so far touched on the Shorter Catechism as a field with an abundant harvest of childish misconceptions. They begin with the first question: "What is man's chifend?"—*chief end* would take too much time to say in the system of cram-by-rote which has misrepresented education for so long. And how a "chifend," which most of us took for a piece of furniture (modelled on *chiffonier*), could "glorify God and enjoy Him for ever" caused us many a sleepless night. "Reasons annexed" to the different Commandments had a vague existence in the form of some wild beast of a striped kind—the *x* probably linking it to the *z* of zebra.

Apart from the humorous, there is a really tragic side to this matter. Why stuff a child's memory with parrot-phrases only to be unlearned later with tears over time wasted which might have gone to the training of observation? Was it Aristotle who said: "In a multitude of facts is the rout of thought"?—I am, &c.,

Westminster: October 16, 1899.

J. L. PATERSON.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 4.

We asked last week for lists of twenty books suitable to stand on the shelves of a country inn. The response has been heavy. For the most part our contributors have made lists of well-known works of some length, a specimen or so of which will be found below; but it seems to us an inn library is much better furnished with books whose interest is fragmentary. One does not want, at an inn, to embark upon long stories, although to dip here and there in such stories as one must already have read—*Pickwick*, for example—is agreeable enough. We have decided to award the prize to Mr. E. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk, for the following list:

## BOOKS SUITABLE FOR AN INN.

Bible.  
Dictionary, English. Annandale.  
Bradshaw's Guide.  
Pickwick Papers.  
Hotels of the World.  
County Directory.  
Local Guide Book (if available).  
Contour Road Book of England. (Gall & Inglis.)  
Fishing and Shooting. (Badminton Library.)  
Atlas of the World.  
Hazlitt's Essays.  
Homes and Haunts of British Poets. Howitt.  
Tennyson's Poems.  
Whitaker's Almanack.  
The Golden Treasury. Palgrave.  
Hazell's Annual.  
Boswell's Johnson.  
Diary of a Pilgrimage. Jerome.  
An Inland Voyage. R. L. Stevenson.  
Selections from English Prose Writers.

The list is not perfect, but it is appropriate.

Among other suggestions are these:

The Encyclopedia Britannica. 20 vols. [E. H., Ledbury.]

The World's Library of Famous Literature. 20 vols.  
[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Walton's Compleat Angler.  
Scott's Antiquary.  
Boswell's Life of Johnson.  
Johnson's Dictionary.  
Gilbert White's Selborne.  
Shakespeare.  
Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial.  
Meredith's Shaving of Shagpat.  
Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth.  
Stephen's Hours in a Library.  
Kipling's Jungle Books. (Either.)  
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.  
Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.  
Thoreau's Walden.  
Green's Short History of England.  
Letters of Junius.  
Essays of Elia.  
A Volume of Spurgeon's Sermons.  
Wallace's Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro.  
Swinburne's Songs before Sunrise.

[G. S. B., Chelsea, S.W.]

Shakespeare.  
Tennyson.  
The Golden Treasury.  
Goldsmith's Works.  
Essays of Elia.  
Leach's Punch Sketches.  
Pickwick Papers.  
David Copperfield.  
The Tramp Abroad.  
Deeds that Won the Empire.  
Collections and Recollections.  
"W. G.'s" Recollections.  
The Badminton Football.  
Half-hours with the Best Authors.  
Baring Gould's An Old English Home.  
Murray's (or some good) Guide to the District.  
Kelly's Directory for the County.  
The Times (or some good) Atlas.  
Who's Who.  
Whitaker's Almanack.

[A. E. L., Stafford.]

Replies received also from: G. E. B., Ascot; M. B. C., Egham; N. S., Stratford-on-Avon; H. F., London; J. B. N., York; A. G., Reigate; F. W. P., Liverpool; G. S. T., London; R. H., Carlisle; C. M. W., Huddersfield; J. W., Aberdeen; G. C. P., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. C. M. D., Crediton; G. A. F., Harlesden; W. M., Newport; J. A. B., Birmingham; Mrs. F., Richmond; E. H., Didsbury; W. M. M., Glasgow; C. D. T., Liverpool; G. W., Macclesfield; D. S., Glasgow; N. D., London; E. W., London; K. E. M., Bristol; A. G. L., Bury Port; T. C., Buxted; S. B., Great Malvern; C. B., London; E. S. H., Bradford; E. G. B., Liverpool; C. T. S., London; A. G., London; M. C., London; R. F. McC., Whitby; Miss P., Walkden; F. H. P., Maidencombe; G. E. M., London; E. M. E., London; D. S., London; H. T. F., Cambridge; A. S., London; Miss S., Cosham; E. V. T., Hull; W. A. T., Disley; M. A., Barnes; G. E. B., London; R. B. J., London; A. E. T., London; G. R., Aberdeen; S. R. J., Merthyr; Miss C., London; S. C., Brighton; R. B., Chester.

### Competition No. 5. (New Series.)

We offer a prize of one guinea to the best translation, following the original metre and rhyme scheme, of the following poem by Heine:

ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH.

Es stehen unbeweglich  
Die Sterne in der Höh'  
Viel tausend Jahr', und schauen  
Sich an mit Liebesweh.

Sie sprechen eine Sprache,  
Die ist so reich, so schön;  
Doch keiner der Philologen  
Kann diese Sprache verstehen.

Ich aber hab' sie gelernet,  
Und ich vergesse sie nicht;  
Mir diene als Grammatik  
Der Herzallerliebsten Gesicht.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 468 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one

attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 19.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bruce (A. Balmain), The Moral Order of the World in Ancient and Modern Thought.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 7/6

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

British Empire Series: India.—British Africa .....(Kegan Paul) each 6/0  
Lees (J. A.), Peaks and Pines .....(Longmans) 6/0  
Muirhead (J. F.), The Land of Contrasts .....(Lane) net 6/0  
Bell (C. Napier), Tangweera .....(Arnold) 16/0  
Adair (Capt. F. E. S.), A Summer in High Asia .....(Thacker & Co.) net 12/6  
Runsen (Marie Von), A Winter in Berlin. Trans. by Mrs. Dugdale. (Arnold) 5/0

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Douglas (W. S.), Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns.....(Stock) 15/0  
White (A. Silva), The Expansion of Egypt .....(Methuen) net 15/0  
Lane-Poole (Stanley), Rulers of India .....(Clarendon Press) 2/6  
Heckethorn (C. W.), London Souvenirs .....(Chatto & Windus) 7/6  
Kent (C. B. R.), The English Radical .....(Longmans) 7/6  
Stevenson (F. Seymour), Robert Grosseteste .....(Macmillan) 3/6  
Thomsett (R. G.), With the Peshawar Column.....(Digby, Long & Co.) 1/6  
Renan (Ernest), Antichrist .....(Hodder & Stoughton) 4/0  
Smith (George), Life of Alexander Duff, D.D. ....(Hodder & Stoughton) 4/0  
Mathew (John), Eaglehawk and Crow: a Study of the Australian Aborigines .....(Nutt) net 18/0  
Thompson (Rev. R.) and Johnson (Rev. A. N.), British Foreign Missions (Blackie) 2/6

#### POETRY, &c.

Chester (Norley), Songs and Sonnets .....(Stock) 5/0  
Lenane (J. H.), The Hill of Visions .....(Kegan Paul) net 5/0  
Bell (Maria), Songs of Two Homes .....(Olyphant) 2/6  
Lang (Andrew), The Homeric Hymns.....(Allen) 7/6  
Elton (Oliver), The Augustan Ages .....(Blackwood) net 5/0  
Wager (C. H. A.), The Siege of Troye .....(Macmillan) net 5/0

#### ART.

Dilke (Lady), French Painters .....(Bell & Sons) 5/0  
Bell (Malcolm), Rembrandt Van Rijn.....(Bell & Sons)

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Percival (A. S.), Optics: A Manual for Students.....(Macmillan & Co.) net 10/0  
Reynolds (Joan B.), The Teaching of Geography in Switzerland and North Italy .....(Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6  
Sidgwick (A.), The Æneid of Vergil. Book VI. ....(Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6  
Coppée (François), Contes Choisis .....(Macmillan) 2/6  
Carson (Hiram), Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton .....(Macmillan) net 5/0  
Flather (J. H.), John Milton: An Essay by Lord Macaulay (Camb. Univ. Press) 3/0  
Spencer (F.), A Primer of French Verse.....(Camb. Univ. Press) 3/0

#### JUVENILE.

Reitz (Rana), Fairy Folk from Far and Near.....(Griffith, Farran) 6/0  
Marshall (Emma), Cross Purposes .....(Griffith, Farran) 6/0  
Stockton (Frank), The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander.....(Cassell) 6/0  
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St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVI. ....(Century Co.) 7/6  
Century Illustrated Magazine. Vol. LVIII. ....(Century Co.) 7/6  
The Cambridge University Calendar, 1899-1900. (Deighton, Bell & Co.) net  
Calendar, University College of North Wales. 1899-1900 .....(Cornish)

#### NEW EDITIONS.

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